

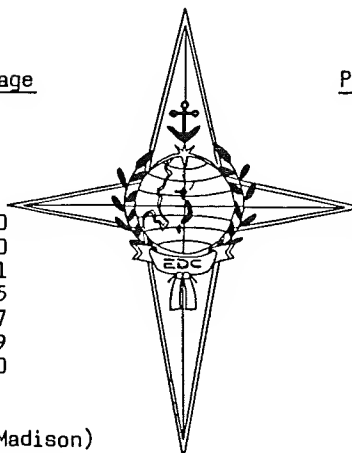
NOVA 10



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EDITOR'S NOTES

YEA THO' WE WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF CONFUSION.....

You hold in your hands a new NOVA (obviously). Issue #10. Yes, I know, I know, small type again, but this time, hopefully, it will be easier to read. We're trying this columnar format to try once again to bring you the most text for the least space. I think this time we've done a good job. We have several very good stories this time around, and with the smaller page number involved, we should be able to start getting these 'zines out on a more timely basis. There has not been a large gap of time between NOVA #9 and this new issue, so, to some degree, we've already been somewhat successful.

The EDC as a whole has basically reorganized itself, allowing the NOVA staff to concentrate more fully on producing 'zines, and not hassling with politics and other unnecessary trifles that take up time and are basically futile. NOVA will become a semi-annual zine (twice a year), allowing us the time to put together a good volume of material without rushing through it and slapping it together. But we'll be able to put in more material in each, even using the smaller-type, column format here. If this is an acceptable format, PLEASE do write and let us know. It might be a little harder to read, but it's no worse than a newspaper. We hear yelling of "It's too small to read", versus "There's not enough Stuff in it", so we're trying to make it easier to read, and still get enough stuff in. Trying to please all the people all the time, as it were. This may not work. In fact, it probably won't work. But, we'll keep trying. Promise

Also, we hope you enjoy the little extra piece of work that's included here - Sasha's Soliloquy, the illozine. Some of this artwork was done for persons

in the club for personal reasons (role playing game characters, story characters, personal ideas and extrapolations on existing mecha and characters, etc.) and really didn't fit into the zine per se. But it's a good. Darned good, and deserves to see print somewhere. So, the special illozine was created. However, much of the work that should've been in here, has been withheld by certain persons, so we've had to draw on our Nova artfile to fill the missing spots. So guess what.....

And, ah, yes, as always, the PBS pledge drive, where we get on our hands and knees and beg for sub-missions. You knew it had to come. There wasn't a word about it in the last issue. Your break is over, guys. WE NEED STUFF! Ken, are you going to do more of The Untold Story? Look at this peeteefull letters section! Knock knock, anybody home? Somebody? Anybody? I know there's talent out there. Lots of it. Look at last ish. Look at this ish. Look at next ish. Nada. We're running low. Next ish: Arid X-Tra Dry, the Zine. We can't keep on pummeling Lee for last minute artwork, manga, etc.....He'll begin to pummel back!

Yes, we're running around like beheaded chickens while we reorganize, and a lot of help from some wonderful pipples has made the transition easier to handle for all involved. Hopefully in the end all will benefit from the things we've learned, and there will then be a better fanzine, produced in a faster manner than we've ever had before.

Just want to say now, THANKS GUYS! Couldn't have done it without ya. All my love to: JPR-Tx, KMS-Tx, SW-Ga, LW-Oh, SH-In, TM-Tx, DI-Tx, TD-Tx, LD-Tx, DM-Ga, LD-Tx, (different one) PM-Tx, JB-Ca, LM-Tx, MS-Tx, and too many others to list here. Times like these let you really know who you're friends are. I'm honored to have friends like you. A Special Hug to: Ben Dunn for coming through with the wonderful cover art. Never doubted you for a second. Ask anybody.

LETTERS

Dear EDC Staff/NOVA Staff:

Before I go into raving about NOVA 9; I have a couple ravinga about "Whispers of Iscandar"... First, since everything that would usually go into "Whispers" is going to be put (presumably) between the covers of NOVA; I was thinking that all this would be grouped together in one place by itself, and not scattered throughout or stick in with the editorial or something. So why scrap the name? It could still remain the name of the section, couldn't it? It's such a great & fitting name for the subject matter...

Now for what you've been waiting for, the promised rave: HOW COULD YOU EVEN CONSIDER CHANGING NOVA'S NAME?!! WHY, for Heaven's sake? I couldn't believe it, especially since no reason was given. If I had to choose between dumping one name (NOVA or "Whispers") or the other - if I HAD to - I would dump "Whispers" (but still with great reluctance). NOVA is such an absolutely perfect name I've always thought. Not only is the female character (via 'tradition') a-the-such major and continuing and very popular-if-not-most-popular (at least Terran) character; but from that Japanime saga which the EDC fandom was originally and solely built around; and which still remains the major part of fandom concerns - am I wrong?

And what about that neat word "Novae"? That would be lost!

...I offer a resounding "NO"!!! to changing Nova's name! PLEASE don't do it! Pretty Please? (w/sugar on top!).....

.....And now for NOVA 9: FAN-TASTIC! This is definitely the best NOVA ever! (This is no reflection on the old regular crew - to elaborate...) I'm mainly referring to the layout. Everything was absolutely perfect and the blend of stories, artwork (and poetry) and articles was a flow of variation without mish-mash; helped by such things as having two-page artwork sections, while scattering artwork throughout mixed with "professional/official" illustrations....The headings ('Poetry', 'Feature Article', etc.) are a nice touch. The various typesets, and their combinations, are perfect. But these are really, basically just the results of what has always been in NOVA, and has reached perfection thru trial-and-error.

The new parts, however, combine to make NOVA everything I could ever want! Great job, guys!

Like I was saying; the creative genius of everyone who usually contributes is consistently fabulous - only to be matched by the creative genius of these debuting writers and artists. I do hope this will be a continuing phenomenon and not be just a flash-in-the-pan.

The cover: Illustrations on both front & back should continue. This Nova loga is the best ever and I hope you adopt it on a regular basis.....

Editorials: Keep doing what you're doing! But Tommie, forgive my ignorance, but just what exactly is a Hoka, anyway?.....

Manga: This issue's wild n' crazily funny contribution got a bit of a backlash with me: Okay David Merrill, there's a "no relation" comment. did you know that a character called Jet Jaguar appears in a "Godzilla vs. Megalon"? Apparently he helps the Big Guy against a big bug, I guess..... Are these just one-shots?

The Untold Story: Oh, boy! Another great story that I have to wait to see what happens next!.....but as Venture's #1 fan I say shave off his beard! I just cannot see him with one in any shape or growth! Sorry! Keep going with this firm grasp and feel you've got on characters, mechanics, and everything else that makes a story. Who knows, this must might fit into

the main storyline as easily as "Between Galaxies" or "Southern Cross". Which I am looking forward to seeing next issue - they were missed!

Speed Racer: Nostalgia time!.... I'd like to see more trivia quizzes - both for popular and 'unknown' new & old Japanime.....

Robotech Timeline: Another thing I'd like to see more of - timelines wherever possible....I love to get details like this on anything, even Robotech, and he did a great job. I thank him for offering the first plausible solutions I've heard for the major flaws as I did see them in my Robotech favorite, Mospeada; and hope he does more on it.

The Visitor: A very unusual but good piece ("and now for something completely different...") Gee, some chapters (oops, affiliates) have all the fun!

Lensman review: I've not yet had the pleasure of seeing either the series or movie as yet; so I appreciate the excellent preview in my case that also settled the curiosity I've had over the adaptation from the books so I won't have to rush out and read them. I'll be seeing the movie soon, first.

Poetry & Artwork: Excellent as everywhere else, and doing both a scattering and a 'showcase', as I've said, is very good. We have some interesting members.

What's That Say: YAAAY! Since Be Forever is my favorite of the movies, I don't mind - but, though it's obviously no easy job to translate Japanese, do you think it would be possible to do at least a few more (as many as you can) pages each time?

Song Lyrics: ALL RIGHT! This too, is great; especially if doing the Star Blazers lyrics is to kick off doing all the other Yamato songs that haven't yet been translated, since these are what I'm really waiting for here....Can I suggest printing the lyrics to the song from Queen Millennia movie (so what if it's already in English) in Nova 10?.....



Yamato Shipboard Operations: RIGHT ON! They're back, and I want them to continue. They put down concretely various facts in one place, an fill in not-so-obvious facts.....

....last but not least: I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for publishing both my article and some artwork! The pieces you selected went quite well with the subject matter (Good job, Kelli!) I only wish that 1. they'd copied better or 2. I'd inked them and not used shading in the background! But I didn't know....

...and I have a couple corrections in my article I'd like to point out; especially since they were definitely my fault - or rather the fault of my lousy typing! 1. Page 33 (bottom): the play referred to was "Medea" (but it was most probably that that sorceress) was the one whose lines those were within the play as a prophecy - a real prophecy. It was "an Argonautica-inspired tragedy play."

Lastly, I'm quite flattered that what I consider my favorite artwork piece in NOVA 9 graced my article - and quite appropriately, too, I might add, more than mine in a way (another good job of '(re)arranging', Kelli!). It's absolutely stunning, yet subtle (very Japanese!)

So all in all, NOVA 9 is as near perfection as you've yet come, and I LOVE IT! And I'm very glad to see such wonderful & numerous results for your GIT MAD experiment! I think (hope) it'll continue.

Sayonara, Capt. Julie Tharp, Space Battleship Missouri

** Whew, that was a long letter (12 pegee) and we regret that we weren't able to print all of it verbatim. Thanks for all your questions/comments, we will certainly try to accommodate as many of your requests as we can. As far as some of them go, you should find the next chapter of "Between Galaxies" in this issue, as well as the Queen Millennia lyrics. The typestyle of this issue was changed and column format chosen to see if it would 1) make the small type more readable and 2) leave space so that we could print more things on less pages. It's not as pretty, but it allows for faster printing and distribution of the zine, yet doesn't compromise on the content or quality of the writing. "Southern Cross", unfortunately, has been permanently pulled from the zine by the author, who has decided to do a complete rework and rewrite and separately publish it at some later date. The same for her "Macross-over" story. "The Untold Story" Pt. 2, you will find between the pages of this issue. Hope you enjoy it. A Hoke is a 3-4ft. tall sentient taddy-bear-like creature inhabiting the planet Toke in a pair of books: "Earthman's Burden" and "Hoke", by Poul Anderson and Gordon R. Dickson. They are imitative creatures, quite intelligent, most peaceful (within reason), love literature, and are



quite charming and somewhat flamboyant. Capt. Berlockia, of course, is Hoke who has a penchant for Matsumoto Pirate Segee. Thanks again for your letter, and for all the comments and suggestions and good reviews that we didn't have room to print here. Please keep writing. **

Dear Nova,

I liked Nova #8, even though Macross isn't on my top

"Mystery City" Hikaru & Misa found was nice. Between Galaxies #4 was great & now I want parts 1-3. The interview with Carl was good, but Carl lies. At one convention he told people that he wasn't going to do Gundam, and at a different con he told people he was. The art was good, especially on page 18. This was my first Nova I've received, but not the first I've read, and in my opinion, not the best.

Dep. Capt. of Musashi II, Cdr. Sean Linn

** We will be waiting to hear what you think of Nova #10, since we've got the same small type as in Nova 8, but more stuff in the zine, overall. Thanks for your input.**

GUEST EDITORIAL

Some Thoughts on Reality, the Ethical Structure of the Universe, Personal Mental Hygiene & Cosmic Public Service Announcements - j.p.reader

As we sit, bemired and bemuddled on our contemplative mushrooms, we oft wonder about life (or reality, or conventional reality, or cosmic karma, or cosmic consciousness, or cosmic cow cookies, or whatever we're calling it this week); what's it all about, what's most important, where did it all begin, is there a point to his existence? Those of us who still possess functional grey matter have asked these questions, or variations thereon, of ourselves and/or others, countless times. We've all climbed our respective mountains to ask our respective holy men

the Answers. We have consulted all of the modernistic, somewhat socially acceptable Oracles of our day. We have gone to the psychologists, psychiatrists and group encounter therapists, the prophets and priests of today, and made our offerings to the gods of clinical mind care (in at 5, out by 8, cleaned and pressed) asking them to interpret our dreams and soothe our troubled spirits. We have grown weary of the spouting of Religion as it says "merely believe, just have faith". We respond, "then in what closet or drawer or cabinet are to store all these questions"? We have listened to the scientists who, looking for Answers of one kind or another, have found even more Questions.

And we sit, on our contemplative mushrooms, and vaguely grope for an answer. It seems to be too much to ask for a The Answer, so we'll resign ourselves to taking whatever answers we can get.

So armed, we sit and mullygrubble, pompously, oh

so pompously, over the answers we have, or haven't gotten, those half-guesses-half-prayers that we hold onto as the only game in town.

We argue amongst ourselves as to who's "truth" is the best, or most accurate, or fits the evidence the best, or is the prettiest pastel shade, or goes with the furniture best.

If we're really feeling pompous, we border on the attitude that life, or reality, or cosmic-consciousness-of-the-month, wouldn't continue to function (if it can ever be said to function) without our verbose meanderings on the subject.

Yet, as countless generations of "philosophers" have shuffled onto and off of this poorly lit and badly designed stage; life, or whatever, has merrily and joyously rolled along.

Whether we "intellectuals" deign to notice; babies are born, whether we ponder or not. People die, whether we question or not. The universe continues its slow death, whether we agonize or not. The gods, whoever or whatever they be, continue to play their cruel, childish games with mankind, whether we believe or not.

It is obvious that we believe there is an Answer or Answers to all our questions. Or are we all subconsciously singing a vast, unvoiced choral arrangement of "The Impossible Dream"? This is an important question to consider.

If there are Answers, then we have a right to feel that we are dutybound to seek them.

If there are no Answers, then we are fools, wasting both time and energy.

And if a middle ground exists, a realm of Answers that are unavailable to us no matter what, then we are, depending on one's outlook, either blithering idiots or the noblest of heroic martyrs.

Perhaps the truth is this: reality (or whatever) is whatever we think it is. That all our Answers lie within ourselves, that what we perceive as Ultimate Reality is merely a gestalt of the desired realities of all the world's billions.

That perhaps, if a million or so of us really believed that a given circumstance were factual, it would be, provided that there was not a higher willpower entropy on the side of the status quo.

None of this "truth" is new or innovative. It has been conceptualized before. Perhaps, some think, even one single, very strong willpower could change the whole of reality; one such as Christ or Buddha or Moses or Mohammed or Gandhi.

We must remember Christ's words to the recipient of one of his miracles when it was stated "you have healed me".

Christ replied, "your faith has made you whole".

The question remains, however, as to whether, if one could significantly change the rules that we work under, would others, who don't believe, or, if they don't actively disbelieve, are apathetic about the whole situation, perceive the alteration of conventional gestalt reality? Would their minds fabricate a totally new and different view of what was happening (i.e. as one walks through a wall, observers see one bumping into it), would they perceive what changes in the rules had been made, or would the whole unconventional situation simply not exist for them. Would they interpret the data coming in through their senses "correctly", "incorrectly" or not at all.

"What is truth? Is truth unchanging law? We both have truths. Are mine the same as yours?"

It would seem, therefore, that one's perception of reality is all important in determining the Answer to all those troublesome little questions.

What parameters define one's perception of the world?

Are they merely the scientifically accepted five senses?

Do these five constitute one's sole reality-related input?

And if they are not the sole sources of input,



then what are the augmenting inputs? In spite of their avowed cynicism, scientific types have the right idea. To understand, it is necessary to define, to codify.

Until we can at least postulate or hypothesize the nature of any augmenting sensory input, we cannot truly begin a journey down the long rocky road to understanding.

But, working under the assumption that we cannot, as yet, define these supposed augmenting senses, we must still attempt to find our Answers. Perhaps it's even simpler than we think.

If reality isn't exactly what we think it is, perhaps it's nature can be discerned in some other belief system.

Maybe one of the "organized" religions has the answer. Perhaps one singular philosophical school of thought. Could be that the solipsists are correct. (The only problem with solipsism being, if we all claim to be the creator of all we survey, then which of us is really pulling the strings? I would think it was me, you would be convinced it was you. No one believing in the solipsistic viewpoint would be willing to relinquish his godhood, whether real or supposed.)

Or, as was earlier mentioned, there may be no Answers at all. This is all an accident. We are all the results of chance and evolution. There is no vast underlying plan, just the fact that we are. There are no rules other than "all systems move towards maximum chaos". Out of primal chaos we erupted, and once the momentum of the explosion is spent, into the primal chaos we will return.

Perhaps the nature of reality is constantly evolving; there were no gods until man conceived of them, when man said there were no gods, there ceased to be. The sun revolved around the earth until Copernicus. The world was flat until Columbus. Lighter objects fell slower than heavier until Galileo. Reality may be constantly rearranging itself as each new conception of reality is born in a mind, somewhere.

Perhaps there are endless parallel universes, or realities, new ones being created at each point of decision in history.

Maybe we're all the nightmare of a little old shoemaker in Amsterdam. (Which would explain why we all seem to have problems with our feet sometime in life.)

Maybe our entire universe is merely an electron, revolving around the nucleus of an atom, which is part of a molecule in the left thumbnail of a much vaster intelligence, greatly resembling your Aunt Bertha from Ottumwa, Iowa. And perhaps this vast intelligence's universe is merely an electron, revolving around the nucleus of an atom which is part of a molecule in the thumbnail of an even vaster (or lesser) intelligence, greatly resembling Ronald Reagan. And perhaps his universe is merely an electron...

But you get the picture.

Worlds without end. Amen.

Perhaps all the world is really a stage and we but merely players, putting on a performance of epic pro-

portions, but for whom?

Dr maybe, nothing is as we think others perceive it. Maybe when we see a bird in flight, the person standing next to us sees what we would call, could he describe it to us, an object resembling a purple polka-dotted Volkswagon of incredible proportions, moving through the air by means of a stream of flowers shooting out it's rear window. But since we "see" a bird in flight, our mind, believing that self-delusion is not only useful, but necessary, gives a very clear impression that he and we are seeing, and discussing, the same thing.

Perhaps we are all quite mad by the rest of the maniacs' standards. (I'd like a nice chartreuse strait-jacket please, in velour, if you have it.)

Or perhaps, we are all living on an infinite, flat, grey plain, devoid of anything except us, and what our imagination tells us we see.

Dr, for a new twist, what if anything that the mind can conceive of, exists somewhere? Thereby insuring that any Answer one can conceive of, is an Answer, somewhere? Don't want to grow up? First star to the right, and straight on 'til morning.

Dz?

Catch the next Kansas tornado (or cyclone) that comes by.

Innsmouth?

Just drive the back roads of Massachusetts by moonlight. You'll get there sooner or later.

Trantor, Atlantis, The Land of Fairie, Barsoom, Vulcan, Mt. Dlympus, Transylvania?

All you have to do is shift realities.

Maybe.

Or could all time co-exist, further increasing the number of realities?

All of time, on all possible realities, co-existing simultaneously.

Somewhere right this instant, Jack the Ripper is taking out his first Victim. And his second. And his third.

Cotton Mather is prosecuting a "witch".

The Declaration of Independence is being signed.

Hiroshima is being innundated by a nuclear fireball.

William Shakespeare is writing (or is it Francis Bacon?) "Hamlet". And "Othello". And "The Taming of the Shrew".

Abdul Al-hazrad is writing "The Necronomicon".

Sherlock Holmes is, pipe-in-hand, discussing the Case of the Speckled Band with Dr. John Watson, M.D.

The 7th SS Panzer Division is parading, with good old Adolf Shicklegruber at the fore, through the streets of Moscow. And Paris. And Washington D.C. And Tokyo. And the Emerald City. And the small outpost on an asteroid circling, in a very stable orbit,

the Antares Maelstrom.

And Albert Einstein is awaiting trial for the murder of various dignitaries at a reception given by Louis XVI. He opened up on the crowd with a Mark VII laser rifle/slingshot ingeniously disguised as a giant rhubarb-flavored pretzel. Among those killed were Abraham Lincoln, Capt. Nemo of the submarine Nautilus, Emperor Ming & Tom Swift, Jr. Dr. Einstein was apprehended thanks to the diligence of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, who were providing security for the affair. Jesse James, Hermann Goering, Clyde Barrow & Shirley Temple, agents-in-charge.

If we accept this conception of reality, a simultaneous co-existence of all possible realities, and all points on the time lines of those realities, the word "infinite" springs to mind, and is quickly discarded as being unequal to the task of description.

It seems that, to acquire the Answers, one must know the nature of reality. And to know the nature of reality, one must have the Answers.

Since we can't let ourselves get caught in this pretty little "Catch-22" we are, at this point, right here, forced to begin "making do". We have to conceive of a reality structure that we're personally comfortable with, and start figuring out, to our own satisfaction, what makes it tick.

It has been said that "the wisdom of men is as foolishness to God" and perhaps that is more true than we think. If there is a great cosmic plan, if there truly exists Answers, then what right do we have to expect understanding? Even in what could be called the most simplistic belief system, solipsism, (where our subconscious created everything) how can one explain the Vietnam War? If you're creating all this, then I, one of the figments of your imaginative subconscious, would like to ask you about that little brou-haha, not to mention a whole lot of other little fun events.

We can't, in this instance, even understand the workings of our own mind, so how are we to understand a much more complicated system?

We'll just have to make do. We'll have to come up with a simplified explanation of it all.

Good luck.

But you are, by now, exclaiming "this is sheerest fantasy! He began by speaking of reality and has devolved into mind games."

"Is this a game or is it real?"

"What's the difference?"

Can anyone, thinking objectively, consider the present state of "Conventional Reality" logical, rational or believable?

I mean, let's be real!

*** **



FEATURED SYNOPSIS

QUEEN MILLENNIA - The Movie

The Players:

Yayoi Yukino -- the Queen of 1,000 Years. Blond, she is virtually a clone of Maeter (from 'Galaxy Express 999') in looks. She is from Lametal, but was raised on Earth by foster parents (they do not appear in the movie, in the TV series, they ran a noodle shop). She was supposedly sent to Earth 1,000 years ago to rule for that period of time. Her real name is La Andromeda Promecium (Promecia).

Hajime Amamori -- the hero. Short and drawn in the style of Matsumoto's kid-heroes. He is of Earth; his parents died in a fire and he now lives with his uncle at an observatory of Mount Tskuba (sp?).

Seren -- Yayoi's older sister, looks much like her, but with shorter brown hair. She was to have been Queen, but rebelled against the class system injustices of Lametal and rejected it -- banished from being Queen, she made her way to Earth and fights in the resistance force against Lametal. She is also the captain of Yayoi's ship.

Daisuke Yamori -- Lieutenant of Fara's, assigned to Yayoi. Green-haired look-alike for Harlock and Tadashi (from 'Captain Harlock'), he is also from Lametal and raised on Earth, real name La Else Miriu. He is the most radically changed from the TV show in which he was a treacherous snake and tried killing Hajime. Resurrected for the movie, he is still good-looking, but with different motives.

Dr. Amamori -- Hajime's uncle, head of the Mount Tskuba observatory that discovered the approach of Lametal. Wears the cleated wooden sandals all the time as well as a toupé.

Doctor Fara -- A new character for the movie, he seems to be the chief lieutenant of Lalala in the invasion of Earth, as well as Promecia's love. Tall and handsome, he is Lalala's leader for the invasion and will be moved in direct opposition to Yayoi's forces.

Lalala -- A spiritual being in glowing gold, haloed and levitated by glowing power rings, she is NOT a nice person, and not even a person at all. She is absolute ruler of Lametal and probable not even of Lametal -- she intends to replace the people of Earth (which it is claimed she created) with the Lametallians.

Mirai -- Guardian of the underground Holy Tombs (or Cemetery) where the former Queens lie. Her body is composed entirely of immense and un-Earthly energies and glows a luminous yellow-green with it. She is unshakably loyal to the Queens and fiercely protects the former Queens in her care.

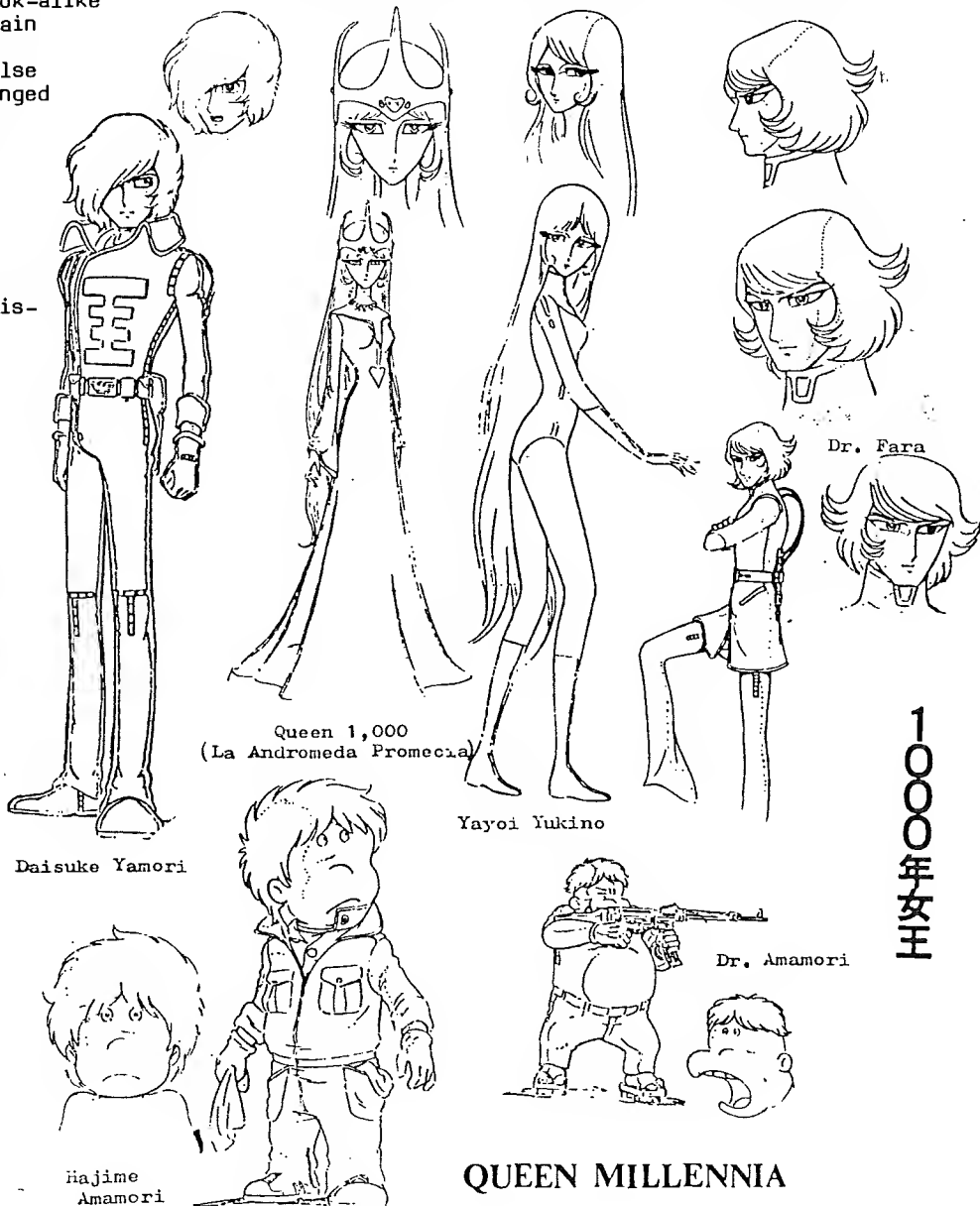
Eternal Custodian of the Underground Apartments -- The aged former Queen who protects the site of the underground apartments, the secret base, apparently

The Background:

Lametal is a planet, roughly nine times the size of Earth and seems to be on a wide orbit around the Sun. It passes the Earth once every 1,000 years, then swings off into the cold of space and freezes so that the inhabitants of Lametal must go into a suspended long-sleep during this time, awake only briefly when in proximity to Earth, then they go back into hibernation. The Queen rules Earth for 1,000 years between visits as regent for Lalala (who may be a mutation). Lametallians appear like Terrans and do not like their existence of being forced into hibernation and decide to take over Earth and move there instead. Yayoi realized that the lametallians will destroy Earth as it is and recreate it into another Lametal, and although she loves Lametal, she also loves Earth and it's people.

The Story:

Yayoi lives in Tokyo and works at the Mount Tskuba observatory with Dr. Amamori. Her friend is Hajime, who first appears in the movie hanging upside down outside Yayoi's apartment window by his foot. (He



QUEEN MILLENNIA

and Yayoi maintain a relationship much like that of Tetsuro and Maeter in GE-999 -- he scuffs the carpet and 'aw shucks' alot, she seems indulgently amused.) Hajime has just gotten a 'D' in school. They are interrupted when Seren shows up at the apartment and Hajime leaves. She evidently afraid that Yayoi will side with Lametal and has come armed. Yayoi is hurt to discover her sister does not entirely trust her.

At the Mount Iskuba observatory, they have spotted the planet of Lametal heading for Earth -- Yamori (who apparently works there for Dr. Amamori) and Yayoi both are looking out of the telescope slot up at the sky and see the Amamori Atomic Plant blow up, killing Hajime's parents and injuring Hajime slightly.

Yayoi remembers what it was like on Lametal and what must be happening there at this moment -- it is a planet of frigid crystalline beauty, the people wake from their long sleep when the planet warms again. The people awake in their capsule couches and step out, shedding their robes like butterflies out of cocoons, lovers reunite, and on a high dais, awakening and shedding robes -- Fara. (who we have seen Yayoi with a pocket likeness-recording of.)

On Earth, Yayoi and Yamori share an awkward moment -- he has fallen in love with her and tries to tell her so. Yayoi will not listen and runs from him, locks herself into her own room -- and is suddenly

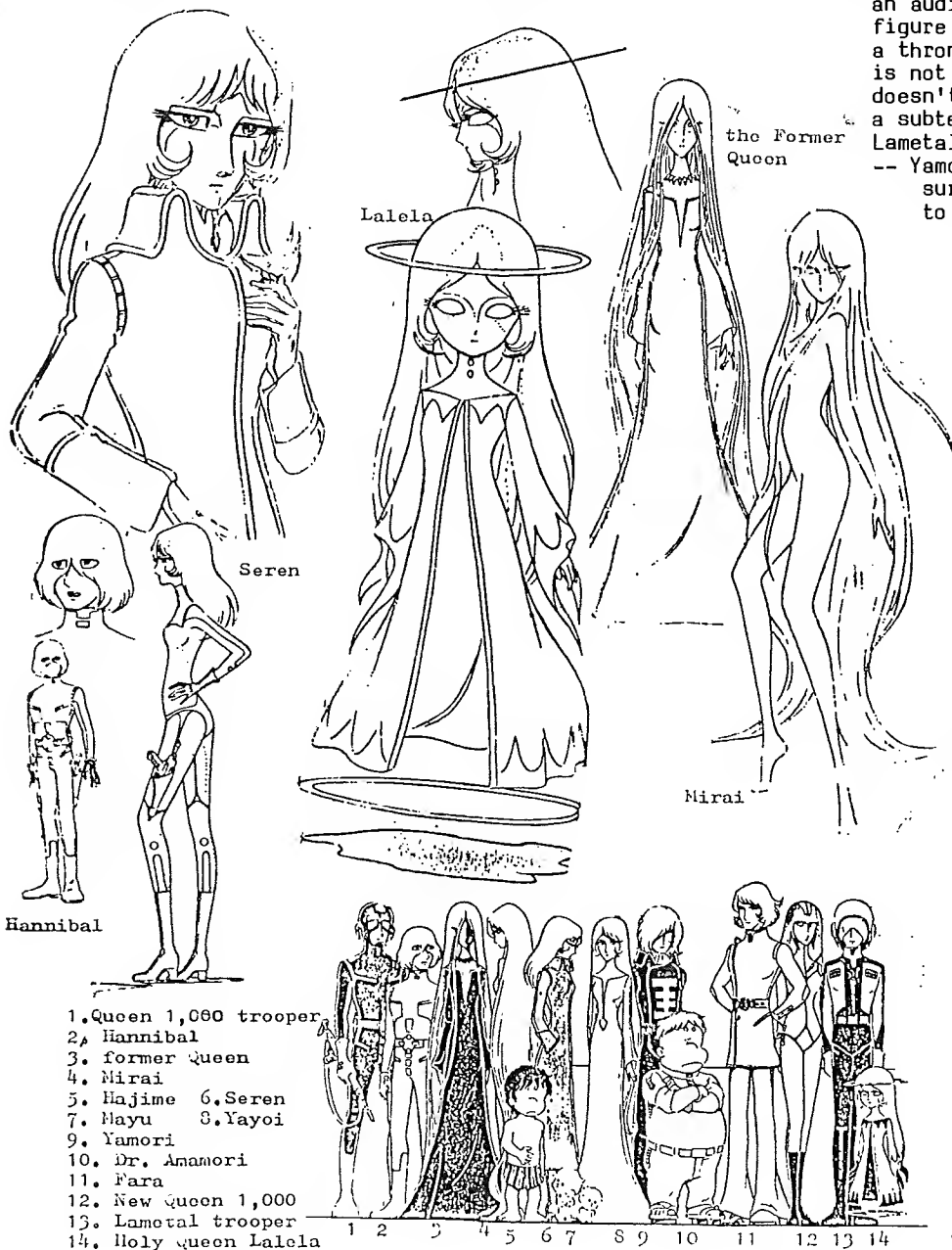
confronted by a hologram of Fara appearing. Fara tells Promecia/Yayoi (he always calls her Promecia) that they will be coming and that they will be reunited. Yayoi understands what that will mean and turns from him. His image moves to follow her, but at that moment, the ground is shaken by incoming meteors that resemble planet-bombs! The image wavers and disappears. The bombs are not nearly as bad as planet-bombs, but close enough. Tokyo is in ruins under the burning meteors.

Hajime runs to help Yayoi leave her apartment and instead finds it shattered and her gone, apparently dead. He finds instead first the pocket-likeness of Fara, which he keeps, and then the former Queen -- who scares the crackers out of him and takes him out of the building through a strange concealed elevator as the building slowly crumbles. She takes him to a river delta, past a strange refugee camp, and into a stranger underground bunker. They are met by three glowing balls of light that join into the form of a glowing woman -- Mirai, whose care he is left in. She takes him on a tour of the tombs where the Queens sleep, past the bodies of dozens of Queens who look to be in suspended animation, as lovely as they were in life. Identified Queens include Cleopatra, Himiko (first Empress of Japan), and Yokihii (a Queen of China) -- there are many more. Mirai explains to Hajime about the thousand year Queens -- and gives him an audience with the present Queen, a stately figure in long black gown, crowned and seated on a throne, bathed in golden light so that her face is not visible. Even when he sees her face, he doesn't recognize her as Yayoi. She takes him to a subterranean command center that is monitoring Lametal and discovers his uncle there and alive -- Yamori evidently brought him there to Hajime's surprise. Hajime returns the Fara-picture to Yayoi.

On Lametal, Earth is looming large in the sky. Fara, who is looking up at it, is summoned to an audience with Lalela. She appears out of a huge swirling green globe as a small child...one that glows as do her eyes, and levitates at will. Her robes sometimes peek open to reveal no substance, she is a spirit-like presence. She tells Fara of the invasion plans for Earth and that he is to assemble his troops and will spearhead the attack. Fara is not happy, fearing for Promecia, but obeys.

At their camp in the delta, Hajime plays with the small furry white animals called Mayu -- Yayoi is having trouble with both Seren and Yamori. Yamori informs her that Fara is to lead the attack on Earth -- and Yamori is Fara's lieutenant. He is caught between obeying his orders from Fara in taking over, or go against him in supporting Yayoi. He's saved from making a choice for the moment as the ground rocks -- the meteors have triggered earthquakes and volcanic activity. Yayoi has been denouncing Fara and as Yamori is about to make his move again, the seismic shocks send them both back to their stations.

Lametal and Earth have approached so closely that their gravitational fields are tugging the atmosphere from both planets towards one another. On Lametal, a whirlpool begins in a beautiful reflection pond and turns into a waterfall as an enormous spaceship beneath it rises up and heads for Earth. On Earth, the gravitational pull starts water-spouts and a mile-high tsunami



1. Queen 1,000 trooper
2. Hannibal
3. former Queen
4. Mirai
5. Hajime
6. Seren
7. Mayu
8. Yayoi
9. Yamori
10. Dr. Amamori
11. Fara
12. New Queen 1,000
13. Lametal trooper
14. Holy queen Lalela

(tidal wave, round-eyes!) that wipes away another portion of wrecked Tokyo. At the delta camp, people flee in panic, only to have a goddess-like voice tell them they will be safe (and in a cameo appearance we see Reiji Matsumoto as one of the refugee/resistance fighters). From the air we can see ground erupting in small volcanoes in a large circular pattern -- in one of the finest pieces of animation in the movie, what is left of Tokyo and the surrounding Kanto Plain are destroyed, rivers pouring into the gaping chasms as the ground in the center of the circle begins to majestically rise, lifting part of the destroyed city atop it. It reveals that Tokyo was built atop the secret base/city --and launching out of it is a space battle cruiser as large as the Lametellian one, probably because it is another one built by Lametal, but is captained by Seren. The base continues to rise and floats above the Earth.

Spotted incoming are a flight of smaller, one-man fighter craft in advance of the Lametal ship. they engage Seren's battle cruiser in aerial combat, more than a hundred of them to her one ship. Unable to do anything, Yayoi and Hajime watch from their base -- Yayoi swiftly leaves, Hajime is prevented from following by Yamori. Yayoi appears in her Queen role holographically to Fara, asking him to stop the attack -- he can't, or won't, and sadly Promecia leaves him, Fara calling after her; it is an end for them as lovers.

Once again dressed as Yayoi, Hajime meets her in a corridor and gives her a bracelet of beads with hearts imprinted.

Seren's ship is badly damaged by the fighters, the command deck takes a bad hit, injuring Seren and knocking her into Hannibal's (her second-in-command) arms. They don't have time to recover before they are hit again, the ship going down toward Earth and burning from a dozen fires. On Lametal, Lalela appears in projection, and orders Fara to lead the main attack now. Sections of the beautiful crystal city are destroyed as his ship breaks from under the planet's crust and launches, headed towards Earth and Seren's beleaguered ship.

In a tunnel, Yayoi as Queen is confronted by Yamori, who reminds her that they are subordinate to Fara and Lalela and are disobeying in resisting. She tells him that if he is loyal to Lametal he should go and join them, boards a moving sidewalk and leaves him, continuing, just as she will go and rejoin the resistance. Yamori, in shock and distress, starts after her, but she is gone.

As Queen, she shows up in the control, but wearing the bracelet that Hajime gave her -- Hajime and Dr. Amamori figure out that she is Yayoi. Hajime resolves to do something to help and runs off, then encounters Yamori in the corridors. Hajime is going to take up an antique plane and fly against Fara's ship for the resistance -- Yamori doesn't stop him. At the control center, they find two planes have taken off -- Hajime's, closely followed by Yamori in another. In the ruins of Tokyo atop the base, Dr. Amamori and other resistance fighters use tanks, antique catapults, and just about anything else they can lay hands on to throw against the Lametal ships. One Lametal fighter torches out on the hull of Fara's ship, but it's like a fly on an elephant, merely knocking out the visuals for a moment.

Hajime, in his plane, discovers Yamori flying on his tail just as Yamori shoots down the Lametallian also there. Yamori passes Hajime and puts his own plane between the cruiser's guns and Yayoi's base. Fara, realizing who he is, orders him out of the way, but Yamori won't budge, even though he is disobeying his commander and tells Fara that to get to the Queen he'll have to go through him first. Fara does. Yamori's ship is hit and mortally injured. On fire, he steers the crippled craft as best he can and heads it for the Lametal ship, realizing he is not going to make it. Ahead, he sees a vision of Yayoi superim-

posed over the ship, and cries out to her as his plane crashes into the command deck of the cruiser, killing the crew and immolating Yamori. The cruiser, blinded by Yamori's sacrifice and out of control, plows into the rubble of Tokyo atop the base and grounds. Hajime parachutes out of his crippled plane and lands in the city where ground troops are rapidly leveling the little left standing of the city.

Yayoi, alone, mourns the deaths of both Seren and Yamori, who died because they stayed loyal to Earth and to her. She calls out to Mirai, the guardian of the Holy Tomb, who appears as a glowing green-fire ball and flies through the tombs which are carpeted in molten stone and touches the sleeping queens, awakening them. Immensely powerful, five of the Queens levitate to where the Lametal troops are disembarking -- the soldiers fire at them and through them to no effect and flee. They fly away and the sides of the base break out as five space craft with prows shaped like the Queen's faces soar upward to fight for the Earth where they were Queens; the Earth that they loved.

As Queen, Yayoi/Promecia goes to Lalela's presence and finds the New Queen, (who was to succeed Promecia) dead on the floor, killed by Lalela. Promecia covers the body with her cloak. Fara races in to stop Promecia -- too late, Lalela has appeared. Promecia is defying Lalela and angered her. She pleads with Lalela, but since Lalela plans to rule the Lametallians on Earth instead of Lametal, there is no longer any more need for the present Queen than for the New Queen -- and hurls a bolt of pure energy out of herself, striking Promecia and ripping through her as Fara screams her name in anguish.

The Queens' ships meanwhile are badly damaging Fara's ship. Earth resistance fighters have gotten on board and shoot some of the Lametal troops -- who age away to skeletal husks as they die.

Promecia, gravely wounded, lies in an apartment -- and Lalela is forcing Fara to pull the lever that will finish her. So ordered, Fara has his hand on the lever, torn with indecision -- and is abruptly shot from behind by Hajime and collapses over the control panel. Hajime aims at Lalela and shoots, nothing happens and she laughs at him, closing in threateningly and preparing to hurl another bolt. Just as suddenly, a shot rings out behind Lalela, who is also shot in the back with a Lametal gun by Yayoi. Gravely injured, Lalela's power begins to flicker, but she has enough power left to destroy Yayoi and turns to do so. Gathering his strength, Fara grabs her from behind by both of the glowing rings and shorting out their power through his own body to prevent her from killing Yayoi. They struggle and Fara, in agony, relentlessly maintains his grip. Yayoi, exhausted, drops the gun and collapses -- Fara tries to crawl across the floor to her as Lalela's power is broken, but he ages away to a withered husk without reaching her and dies, saying her name. The diminished husk of Lalela crawls away across the floor, seeking power regeneration in the green globe. Hajime, who has been scared spitless this whole time decides it's a good time to bug out and does.

The crashed ship begins to lift off, trying to return Lalela to Lametal, but it is set upon by the Queens' ships. They transform into comets of pure green energy and lance through the ship, causing it to explode and killing Lalela. The chunk of Tokyo and the Kanto Plain resettle into it's ancient foundation. In a secluded chamber, Hajime speaks with the gravely wounded Yayoi who is being attended by the former Queen.

Dr. Amamori, in the control room discovers that Lametal has passed Earth and is swinging rapidly away on it's long orbit. Hajime runs to Yayoi with the news and is prevented by two of the Queens from seeing her...she has quietly died, leaving Hajime a note carrying her love and farewell.

Out on the barren plain in the night, the Queens

have assembled around Yayoi's coffin, which is filled with white chrysanthemums, each Queen carrying a torch of green fire. Hajime approaches the coffin, tears streaming down his face as the former Queen closes the coffin-capsule's lid and leads him aside. Yayoi has made the ultimate sacrifice of herself to save the planet she came to love. Her body is borne away by the five Queens, and the former Queen away down a long row of Queens holding torches that goes up into the night sky and to Promecia's own ship, a golden one with a likeness of her face on it. Her body is borne away by the five Queens with torches and glides up into the sky. One by one the Queens fade out until there is nothing left but the fires stretching out in a double trail into the dark, the coffin gliding by itself -- then the fires fade one by one until only Hajime is left standing in the dark. Dr. Amamori won't return for a thousand years. Yayoi has protected them. Far distant in the night, the last of the green fires die out and a small white star is born, shimmering faintly, it moves away, following Lametal.

End Titles Song ('Angel Queen')

Floating down from the sky,
Lovely Angel Queen it's you.
Shaken from her long sleep,
Lovely Angel Queen it's you.
Touching others like a child,
Loving others for a while,
Come and take my hand, my heart,
In time we will be together.

(Chorus:) When we will say goodbye,
There'll be no tears from me,
Time passes by so fast --
I love you
I'll remember you
Forever.

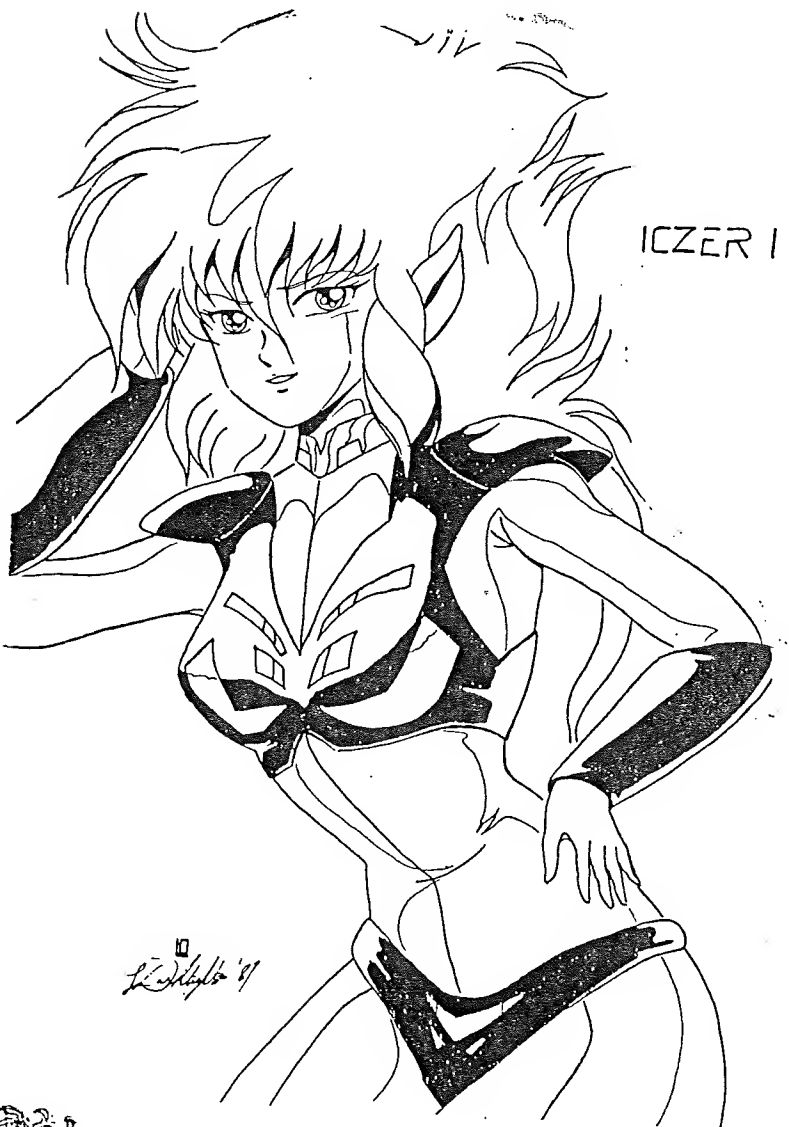
1,000 years she rules the earth,
Lovely Angel Queen it's you.
Lightning flashes cold as ice,
Changing everything she sees.
Touching others like a child,
Loving others for a while,
Come and take my hand, my heart,
In time we will be together.

(Chorus)

(Faded vocal)
(I can't find you anywhere --
Where do you come from?
Where are you going?
I can't find you anywhere --
Where do you come from?
Where are you going?)

** A note for the tie-in of series -- as we all know, Reiichi Matsumoto loves two things (well, 3 if you count broomstick blondes); tying stories together and of interest that the mechanization world in Galaxy Express 999 that Maeter and Tetsuro are trying to destroy is also called Lametal...Maeter, also spelled Mater or La Mater (La Matel) and the planet share the same name. And if you knock the 'La' off of Lametal, you have Metal, which is what the mechanization world is, a planet of metal men. (Or Matel, if you go by the English translation of Maeter's name, commenting further on this speculation --Typist) The best or worst coincidence is that the Queen of Maeter is Queen Promecium (or Promecia)...the same Promecia as in Queen of 1,000 Years/Queen Millennia. The two are not really the same character as they are too vastly different for proper continuity -- something Reiichi never heard of -- but it does make Yayoi/Promecia, Maeter's mother. Fara, however, was not Maeter's father, according to one character graph of Matsumoto's people in a 'My Youth in Arcadia' book. Yayoi is listed on the graph as Maeter's mother.

*** **



Li Delta '91



Teacher of my heart,
Teach me how to die,
You have taught me many things -
All -- except one

-by Guy Brownlee

Teacher of my heart,
She who taught me life,
I need to learn what will be -
In the dark unknown.

Teacher of my heart,
Keeper of my soul -
Have you yet forgotten me,
Now that I've grown old?

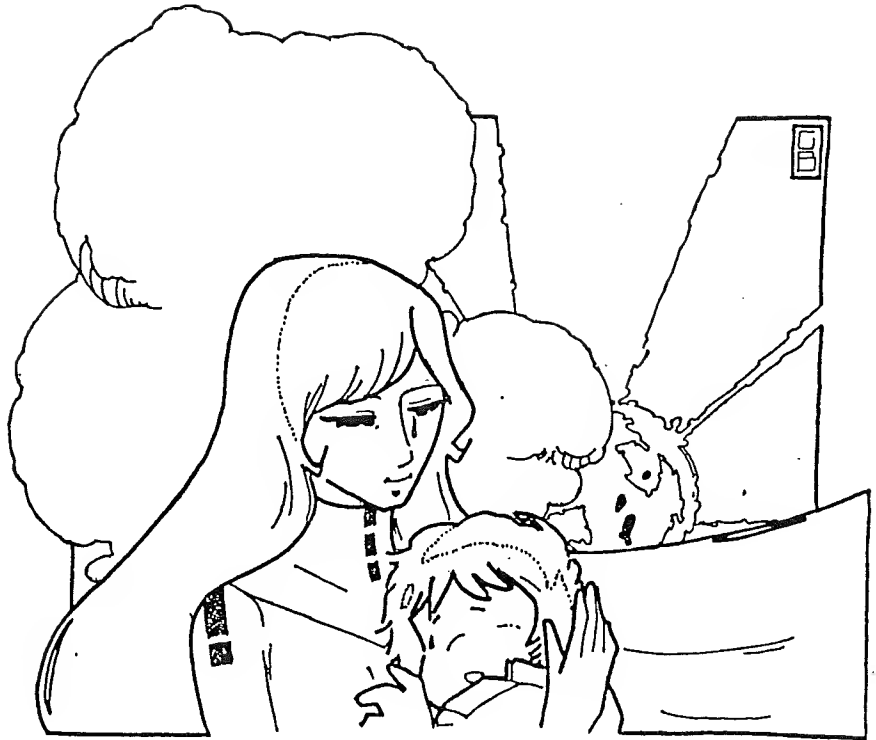
I have seen so many things,
Before and since you've gone -
Before - they were discoveries
Since - just things gone wrong

Teacher of my heart,
Teach me not to cry,
We will be together soon -
If I just let go.

Teacher of my heart,
Teach me how to fly,
Far beyond the Earth's gray moon -
And the sun's bright glow.

Teacher of my heart,
Dearest Angel Queen -
I can feel you touch my hand,
I see you smile at me.

So now the void's unfolding,
My old world growing dim -
But -
In your arms you hold me,
Your student, once again.



ARTICLE

SPACE COMBAT OPERATIONS MANUAL

(A Guide on How to Look Dramatic for EDC Officers)
-- by An Aging Space Dog Who's Been Around

Chapter One: Principles

The principle use of this manual is to teach YDU, the EDC officer, how to look the most dramatic during space combat, whether winning or losing. Victory doesn't matter -- it's DRAMA that gains sympathy and loyalty to your side, not to mention sequels.

Chapter Two: Matsumoto's Tactic

During space combat -- just before you engage the enemy -- take the nearest officer and place him about six feet away from you. Stare at him intently. Then, swiftly pull your right arm back and stab the air forward in front of your officer's face, while shouting something dramatic like "FIRE!!" Then move forward so that the officer is looking you right in the face, and expand and contract your eyeballs. This conveys determination and courage and eyestrain.

Chapter Three: Actual Combat

Looking dramatic during actual combat is simple. Whenever your ship is hit, whether by Megahurt Definit-Kil Phozatron Cannon, or spitballs, throw yourself onto the deck, shut your eyes, and curse. This results in sympathy and loyalty from the crew, as they fire while saying,

"Here's one for the Captain, you lousy multicolored scum!!"

Chapter Four: Appearance

In order to be a successful Captain, years of preparation are necessary to attain the right appearance. Saw your leg off. Poke an eye out. Go to Heidelberg and fight some duels, to scar your nose. Facial hair is dependent on age. Young officers should be clean shaven. However, the hair should be long and spiky. As you get older, shorten the hair and add a moustache. If you survive much longer, you will be wearing a military billed hat, so don't worry about the hair. However, you must grow a beard.

Chapter Five: Death

We all know of the bad reputation that death has acquired over the years. However, with the right training, death can be the most dramatic part of your years of service. It's very simple: Whenever you have been mortally wounded, either slump forward onto the console in front of you, or fall in slow motion to the deck below, your hair swirling dramatically in the non-existent wind. Always cough out a few cryptic last words to your deputy captain (Attack it from the underneath, Wildstar!). Don't worry about death - if you did well enough, they'll bring you back for a sequel, or at least put your picture up in the bridge.

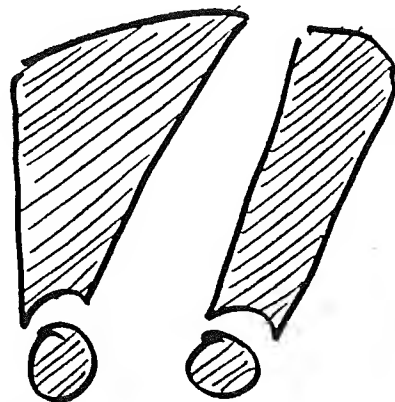
Chapter Six: Conclusion

No matter what anyone tells you, drama is the most important element in animated space combat. If you pay attention to this manual and try your very, very best, you'll do well enough to make the rest of us proud.

BADDER THAN ZZ GUNDAM —
MORE BITCHIN' THAN ALL 3 J-9 —
AND NOT QUITE AS CUTE AS MINKY MOMO.

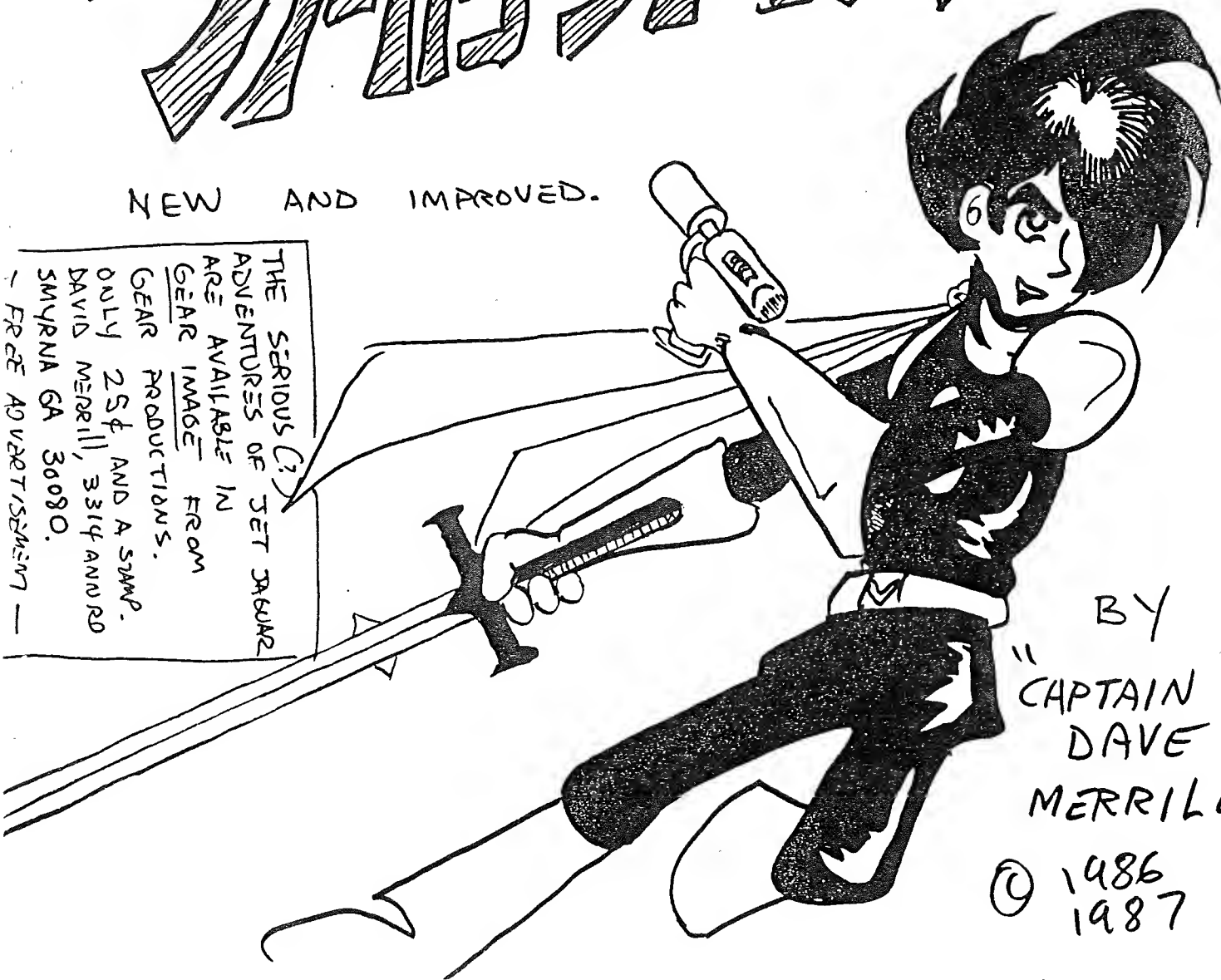
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BY
"CAPTAIN"
DAVE
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LAST EPISODE

JET JAGUAR, WHO IS ACTUALLY COLIN THUNDERFIST, SON OF DR. THUNDERFIST, STOCK ANIMATION SCIENTIST, HAS TAKEN A YOUNG DIRTY PAIR OUT ON A HOT DATE IN GOD MARS WHEN HE IS CONTACTED BY COMMANDER DEREK C. WAKEFIELD WHO WARNS OF A NEW THREAT TO ANIMATION SECURITY BY THAT ARCH-FIEND OF EDITING — SANDY FRANK. WHEW.

SANDY FRANK!

EVERY ANIME CHARACTER'S NIGHTMARE



AND IT'S MORE THAN GATCHAMAN THIS TIME — HE'S GOT THE CASH TO BUY ANYTHING NOW!! REMEMBER MACRON ONE? TRANZOR Z? IMAGINE DOING THAT TO Z GUNDAM!! OR DIRTY PAIR!!

SPIRIT TRANSMISSION (JUST LIKE STARSIA)



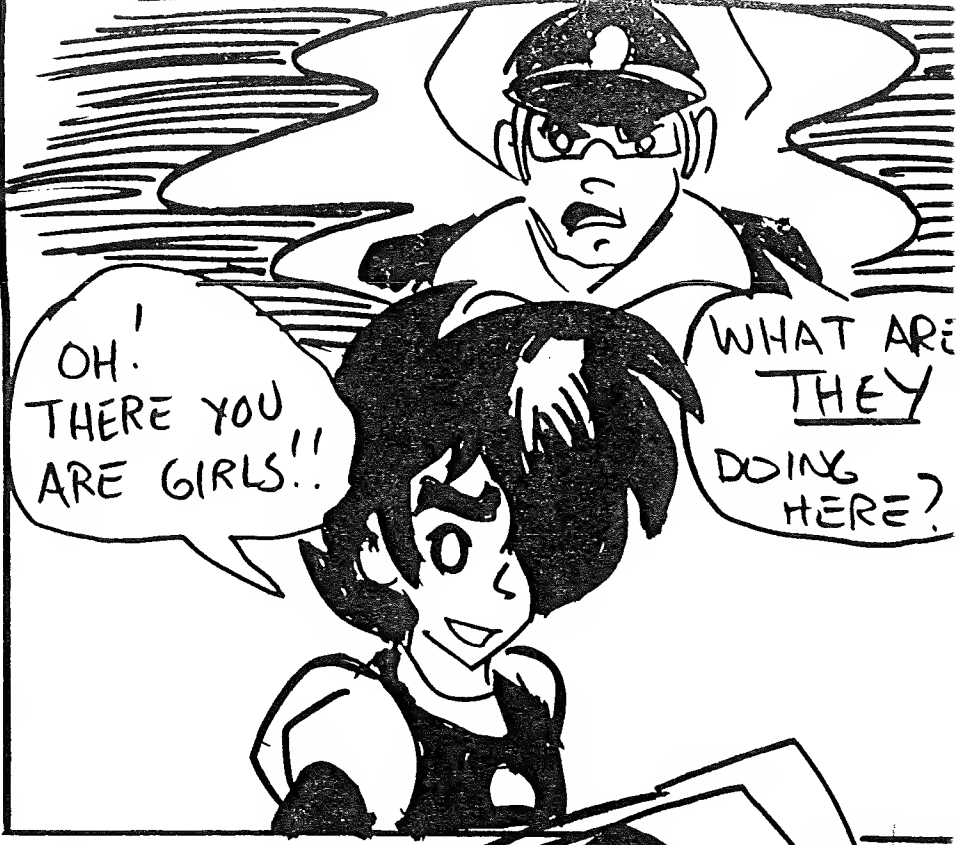
BLACK FLAG

BANDAI
1986

DIRTY PAIR!!

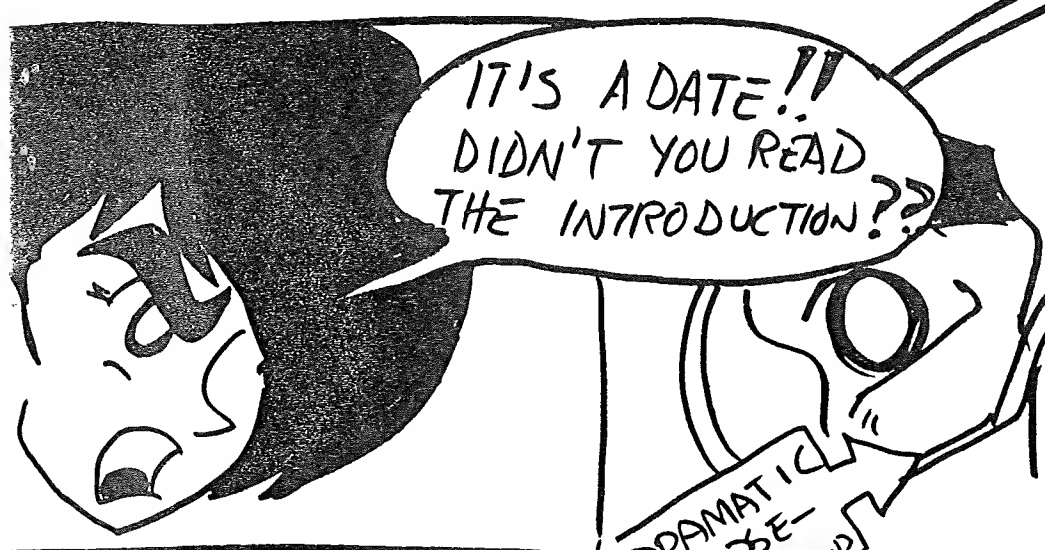


HEY!
WHAT
ABOUT US?



OH!
THERE YOU
ARE GIRLS!!

WHAT ARE
THEY
DOING
HERE?



IT'S A DATE!!
DIDN'T YOU READ
THE INTRODUCTION??

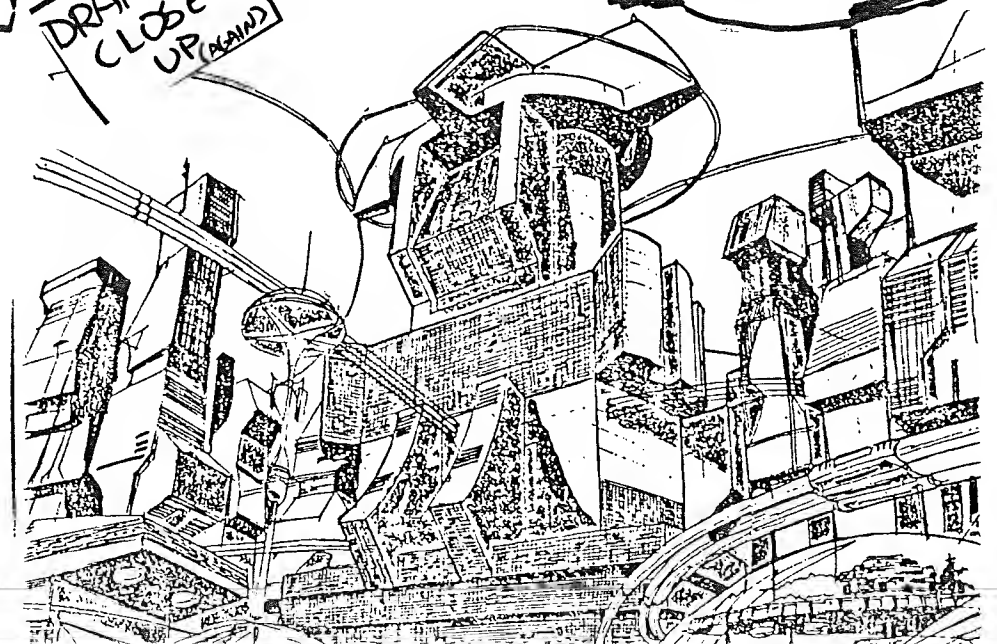


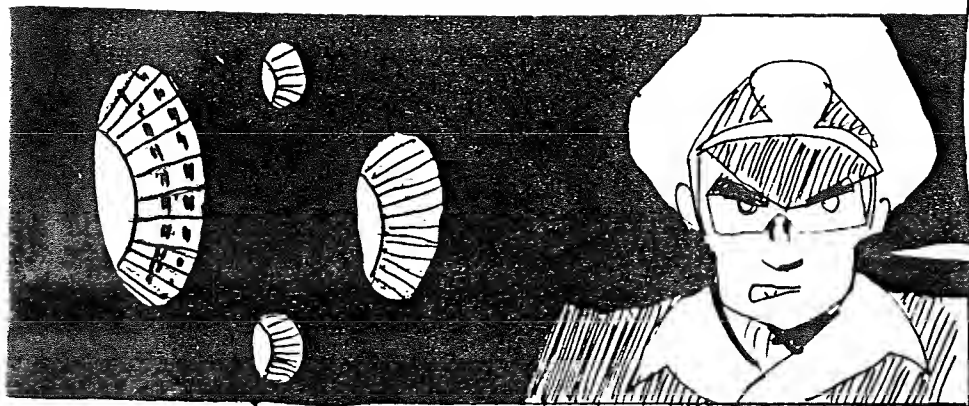
NO TIME
FOR THAT
NOW
YOU'RE
COMING WITH
ME!

DRAMATIC
CLOSE-
UP (AGAIN)

AND SOON
NEAR A
CHEAP PHOTOCOPY
OF EDC HQ

...
IF YOU THINK I'M DRAWING
THAT THING YOU'RE CRAZY!!





COLONEL FRANK HAS CREATED HIS OWN STUDIO IN THE WILDS ABOVE ATLANTA. WITH FINANCIAL BACKING FROM THAT TWISTED GENIUS, "UNCLE" TED TURNER, HE HAS RUINED GATCHAMAN AGAIN, AND NOW HE'S GOT NEW SHOWS IN HIS SIGHTS.



COLONEL FRANK HAS GONE INSANE IN THE LINE OF DUTY.

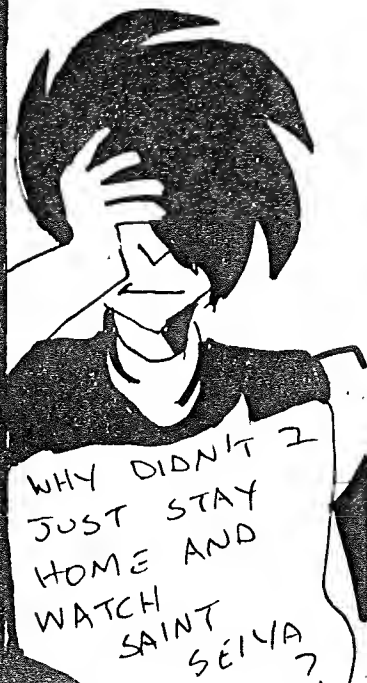
YOUR MISSION IS:
FIND COLONEL FRANK,
AND
TERMINATE HIS
COMMAND.

NEXT:

ANIME/YPSE NOW.

ALTERNATE TITLES:

"CARTOON", "FULL CELLOID JACKET", "ANIME HILL"



STORY

FORETIDINGS - by Pat Munaon-Siter

Chapter One

Captain Goldsmith glanced around as he came onto the bridge of the EDC carrier Prince of Wales. He could only see one -- no, two -- people on the bridge. Lt. Haynes, in charge of the radar and analysis section, was bent over his station, talking to someone -- who was visible only as a pair of legs sticking out from the access-hatch on the side of the instrumented desk. Legs clad in the black and gold of a Cosmo Tiger pilot. Goldsmith's tentative identification of the pilot was confirmed when he recognized Lt. Kathryn Kimaura's voice. A black and gold sleeved arm became visible as she reached out to the tool kit sitting beside her legs and went unerringly for the soldering iron before disappearing back inside.

"Try a test run now, Haynes," she said a minute later.

Haynes keyed several of his toggles, watched the resultant action on his screens as the computer ran the test. "That looks like it's done it, Kat," he said.

"Good." The pilot alid out from under the console, began putting tools back in her toolbox. Her face was framed with strands of her long hair which had been pulled out of the braided knot on the nape of her neck, and there was a smudge of oily dirt on one cheek.

"Problems with the navigation system?" Goldsmith asked casually.

Kimaura turned around, startled. "Not any more, sir," she replied, standing at attention as she reported. Haynes joined her, face showing his chagrin.

Goldsmith grinned. He prided himself on running a tight ship, and their reactions were gratifying. "Always nice to know we've got a nav-system expert for the price of a fighter pilot, Kimaura," he said quietly.

"Sir, she helped design the system!" Haynes said defensively.

"I'm not questioning your judgement, I'm complimenting you on using the best materials to hand," Goldsmith told him mildly. "Lt. Kimaura is better qualified to tear apart that console than any of the mechanics. I take it that it wasn't anything major?" he asked the pilot, who was trying not to blush at the back-handed compliment.

"Just some resistors shorted out," she replied. "Probably caused by some energy surges from that ion storm we went through yesterday."

Goldsmith nodded. "Very well, Lieutenant," he said. She nodded, picked up the toolbox, and left the bridge. A very serious officer, Kathryn was -- sometimes too serious, Goldsmith thought to himself. Of course, the fact she was older than a good many of her fellow junior officers didn't help matters any. The others trusted and respected her, but she hadn't made many friends on board. She would probably get along better with some of the senior staff, but her duties as a Cosmo Tiger pilot and flight commander kept her on the lower decks most of the time. "As you were, Haynes," he told his radar officer.

"Yes, sir."

Kimaura was frowning as she headed back for her office. The crew all said Goldsmith was a hard but fair commander. For herself, she hadn't figured him out yet. Sometimes it was difficult to tell if he was pleased or not. Form his attitude a few minutes ago, she'd expected a reprimand for being on the command deck rather than a compliment. And if she heard anything from Commander Travis, the chief mechanic, it would probably be a complaint that Haynes had called on her to troubleshoot the system rather than one of

his people. At one point Kimaura had hoped to spend some of her time in the Prince of Wales's labs, especially as she had the experience -- she'd worked several years in the EDC labs on Earth. But in her first meeting with Travis, he had made it quickly apparent that he did not want anyone but his hand-picked crew working in his sections. So Kathryn had confined her attentions to the Cosmo Tiger squadron, her flight in particular as well as the squadron in general. She'd quickly become a flight commander as the squadron settled in on the ship, and was now second only to Lt. Cmdr. Young, the squadron commander. In her current position she found more than enough to keep her busy -- for one thing, she was responsible for all disciplinary actions not requiring the Captain's attention. She had insured, unlike her predecessor that not too many people ended up going before Goldsmith...a fact that had endeared her to Young, who hated going before the Captain with a problem as much as she did.

Once in her office, she stowed the toolbox. Then, looking in a mirror, she aighed as she noticed the dirt on her cheek and the loose strands of hair. She was surprised Goldsmith hadn't mentioned her appearance...time for a quick trip to the washroom to straighten up! After which, it was time for Young's staff briefing...following which would be her mission -- brief to her own flight.

Earth was in trouble. The sun had become unstable, and threatened to become a red giant. Astronomers estimate that they had less than one year before Earth would be incinerated. That was why the Prince of Wales and all her sister ships -- of every type and make in the fleet -- were flying through every section of the galaxy. Searching for an Earth-like planet they could evacuate to, start a new life on. Personally, Kimaura doubted that even if they discovered such a planet today that a significant percentage of the Earth's population could be rescued, even using every ship that could half-way fly. Still, they had to try!

Young stood before a large board, on which a computer-generated map was displayed. He waited until all eight of his flight commanders had entered. (The PoW, a carrier, had a compliment of 8 Cosmo Tiger flights on board, a total of 160 fighters and their pilots -- not counting Young and the back-ups.)

"Sensor readings indicate there are 12 planets in the system we are approaching," Young started, waving his hand at the diagram. "Three are in the so-called 'livable' zone; we'll primarily be investigating those. However, we will be running cover for the Prince starting an hour from now, using Formation C."

"C? The Captain expecting trouble?" one of the flight commanders to Kimaura's right asked.

"Two of our ships have been destroyed in the last week, and the Yamato has come under fire several times," Young told them. "It looks like there's a war going on in this sector, and these people shoot first and ask questions later. Our screen will hopefully alert the Prince of any trouble while it's still out there. Any questions?"

"Which ships are gone?" Kimaura asked. From a service family, she had several friends on other vessels.

"The Boise and the Arcturus are gone. In addition, the base near Alpha Centauri has been attacked," Young told them. "As we need EVERY ship, the situation could become extremely serious."

"To say nothing of the fact we can't get home without the Prince," another flight commander commented. "Understood, sir."

"No more questions? Dismiss, then."

According to Formation C's schedule, Kimaura's flight would be one of the first on duty. She had just enough time to make wing position assignments before meeting her 19 subordinates in their ready room. Word had already spread about the Boise and the

Arcturus; her troops were quiet and grim.

"Now, remember, this isn't an exercise or a drill," she told them after posting assignments. "I know cover screen flying can be boring, but if one of you lets an enemy craft or missile through 'cause you've been sloughing off, you'll wish you'd never been born, let alone signed up with the EDC! No show-boating, either. Any of you try any stunting and I'll have you in the brig so fast your head'll swim. Understood?"

A chorus of "ayes" came from her troops, even the cadets. They all looked appropriately subdued. Good. A little bit of a scare would keep them on their toes later.

"Very well. Let's go fly!" she smiled, and followed them to the bay where their fighters waited.

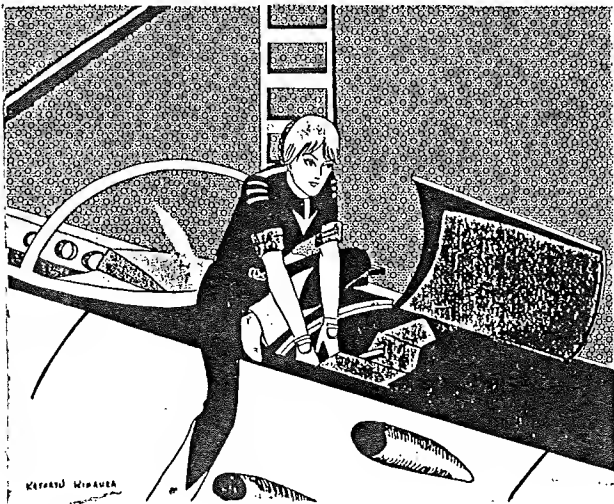
The patrol was about half over when her wingman, Learned, a young cadet, reported he was having instrument failure. Then he told her that he could smell smoke. There was an edge of hysteria in his voice. "OK, we're going in," she told him, and switched to general frequency. "Prince of Wales, this is Bravo One. I'm bringing my wingman in with a possible fire on board. Have the bay cleared for emergency operations, please."

"Understood, Bravo One. Will do."

Kimaura switched back to flight frequency. "Bravo Two and Three, this is One. I'm going in. Cover for us. Bartholomew, you've got the flight for the moment."

"Aye, Lieutenant."

Her wingman was having problems seeing through the smoke by the time they lined up for landing. One of the ship-side controllers talked him in, Kimaura monitoring from behind. She had to admire Learned; he was successfully keeping his calm despite the problem. He was doing exceptionally well, especially for a cadet!



She'd have to log a commendation in his files. As she brought her ship in after his and 'parked' her fighter, she noted Learned was already out of his cockpit and the fire control team was at work spraying the instrument with halon.

She clapped a hand on his shoulder, felt him trembling under that grip. "Nice going, Learned," she said quietly.

"Thanks, chief," he said. "Almost wet my pants back there, though."

"I don't blame you. A cockpit fire's no fun," she replied.

The battlestation siren kicked off behind them.

"Screen reports incoming fire!" blared the speaker.

"Battle stations, battle stations..."

Both Learned and Kimaura automatically flipped down their face shields. "Get a new fighter!" Kimaura ordered her wingman, shoving him in the direction of the storage racks. She turned to run back to her own Tiger, when she was picked up and thrown across the room by the blast of an explosion. Dazedly, she picked herself up. She'd been partially shielded by the bulk of Learned's plane...what about the fire control team? They'd been on the side closest to the blast...

Her left side ached, and she had to hobble more than walk to check on them. She almost wished she hadn't a minute later. The two men had been cut to pieces by shrapnel. She stumbled back toward the main doors, barely controlling her stomach. She didn't notice the blood dripping from her uniform, down her fingers and into her boots from her own injuries.

Learned sprawled before her. Dead? A quick check showed he was alive, but badly injured.

Another explosion behind her. Even through her suit she felt the wash of heat. Learned's plane, fuel tanks punctured by shrapnel, had blown. Flames licked toward the ceiling - and followed an oil and fuel slick toward the forward fuel bin! Grasping Learned's belt and collar, she hauled him frantically toward the main doors and out into a corridor. She saw the still forms of the flight bay controller and two mechanics as she did so, plunged back into the bay after them.

They, too, were still alive...for the moment. She HAD to get them out before the fire got to them! She couldn't find their helmets. Goldsmith was going to have kittens when he found that out! Regulations stated...she shook that thought out of her mind, amazed at her ability to natter off at inconsequentialities in this situation. First things first. Vacuum would put out the fire, but it would also kill those men without their helmets!

She was never quite sure where she found the strength to drag the men, one at a time, out of the bay. By the time she was bringing the last one out, her own shock was beginning to wear off and she was faint-headed from the pain. Almost to the door... and the mechanic's cart beside her went up in flames, containers of flammable liquids blowing up in the heat. She dropped the mechanic as she went to her knees as agony seared through her consciousness.

"**HAVE to get out of here!**" she thought. "**Move it or it'll get a lot worse!**" She got to her feet, almost stumbled over the prostrate figure at her feet. Blinking, she grabbed his collar with her right hand - it hurt too much to move the left - and staggered onward. The door opened before her. Once both of them were out, she dropped the white-and-red suited mechanic again and hit the switch that would air-seal the doors, then - supporting herself with her good hand as she stumbled along the wall - reached the exterior controls and opened the outside bay doors to space. All purposes fulfilled, she found herself slipping to her knees, overwhelmed by massive pain.

"Kimaura!" Dimly she heard someone call. She squinted. Was that Young? She couldn't see clearly enough to be sure.

"Fire...fuel bin," she forced herself to whisper. "Opened...to vacuum."

"Damnation!" Young swore. "Tell the bridge starboard bay is down due to fire damage. They'll have to use port until we can get into starboard again." Kimaura couldn't make out what else was said. Someone had tried to pick her up and the answering agony of her burns made her pass out.

Capt. Goldsmith read the damage reports with a frown, Travis at his elbow. Somehow, between the Cosmo Tiger flights and the Prince's own guns, they'd beaten off the attack, destroying two of the enemy (identified as Bolar) missile ships, and crippled an enemy destroyer. Not without a price, however.

"The starboard launching bay will be operable in

two weeks," Travis said. "But the structural damage to the bow needs the facilities of a fully-equipped dock. We can fly, but the damage will hamper our ability to fight. Any more battle stress could split the hull completely."

Goldsmith nodded. "It could have been worse," he said. "If the fire in the launching bay had gotten to the main fuel tanks..."

"We probably wouldn't be here," Travis said. "And if Kimaura had opened the outer doors earlier, the damage would also be much less extensive."

"She'd also have killed at least three people if she'd done so," Goldsmith replied. "That must be weighed in the balance, too. She made the right decision." He turned to his chief medical officer. "Speaking of human lives, doctor, what is the casualty report?"

"We've lost 50 men, most from the bow when it was hit," Dr. Burna reported. "The two fire control members in the bay were killed. Twenty-three people badly injured, including Kimaura - who, in addition to the injuries from shrapnel, has third degree burns over almost 1/4 of her body. She'll live - but she's going to be spending a lot of time in one of the burn-care units Earthside. The rest of the injuries we treated were various cuts, bruises, and even broken bones, but even those we put back on at least limited duty."

"Seventy-three people out of 420 out of action, mostly in support sections," Goldsmith said. "That's going to cut into our ability to perform even more than the physical damage to the ship. Home it is, then. Helm, lay in a course for Earth."

"Aye, sir." And as the injured Prince of Wales limped toward home, Goldsmith began working on his final report.

Among those he recommended for awards of valor was Lt. Kathryn Kimaura. The EDC Council would decide she was one of the few people they would award the Order of Oak and Star. Not that she would be in much shape to care about such things for several more months...



KATHRYN KIMAUURA
FLIGHT COMMANDER
PRINCE #2
"THE PRINCE COMMANDER"

BIO SHEET -- LT. CMDR. KATHRYN "KAT" KIMAUURA

Cmdr. Kimaura is currently 32 years of age, assigned to the EDC battlecruiser Yamato as a flight commander, Cosmo Tiger squadron. Cmdr. Kimaura has a PhD in astrophysics, and has developed many of the stellar navigation instruments currently used by Star Force vessels. When she put in for space duty there were no scientific positions open in the fleet; she was offered a position as a fighter pilot on the Prince of Wales and accepted. She performed admirably in that position, becoming senior flight commander within a year.

During the Bolar-Gamilus/Earth war, the Prince of Wales was attacked by Bolar forces. Cmdr. Kimaura was helping recover fighters on the flight deck when a Bolar missile exploded in the bay. Single-handedly, she rescued four unconscious crewmembers from the burning area, then, after determining no one was left alive on deck, sealed the area off and opened the outer doors to space. The resulting vacuum extinguished the flames. Cmdr. Kimaura received extensive injuries in this action - first from the shrapnel caused by the explosion, the burns over most of the left side of her body from the resulting fire. Both she and the four crewmen she rescued survived. After almost a year recovering from her injuries, Kimaura was certified for active duty once more. Her post on the Prince of Wales had been filled. However, the Yamato had just returned from patrol and had several vacancies. Kimaura was therefore assigned to the Yamato as a Cosmo Tiger flight commander. It is expected that her extensive knowledge of astrophysics will become as important as her flying skills on board the Yamato.

Kathryn "Kat" Kimaura is 5'9", has red-brown hair, green eyes, and weighs 140 (lbs). The accident aboard the Prince of Wales left considerable scars, mostly on the left side of her body - her head and face were protected by her helmet - and as a consequence she seldom wears anything that doesn't conceal most of her body. Generally she wears the full-length pants uniform, and slacks and long-sleeved tops when in civilian attire. In addition to her master pilot's rating she is an expert shot with both energy pistol and rifle, and skilled in unarmed combat. Her intelligence rating is high, although not as brilliant as Cmdr. Sanada, but in some ways she is a steadier thinker than the Yamato's chief mechanic/science officer.

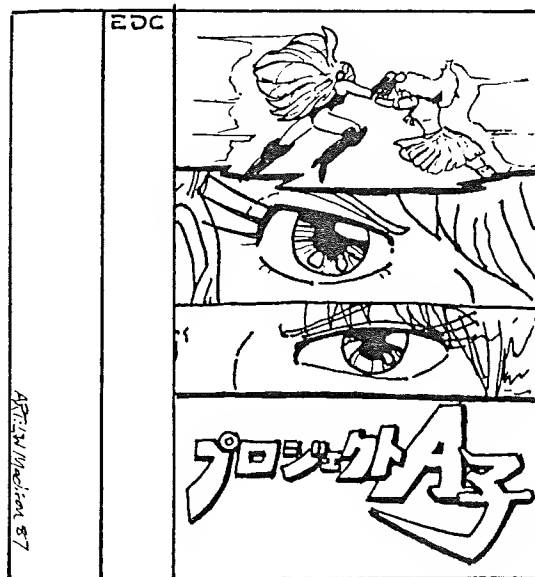
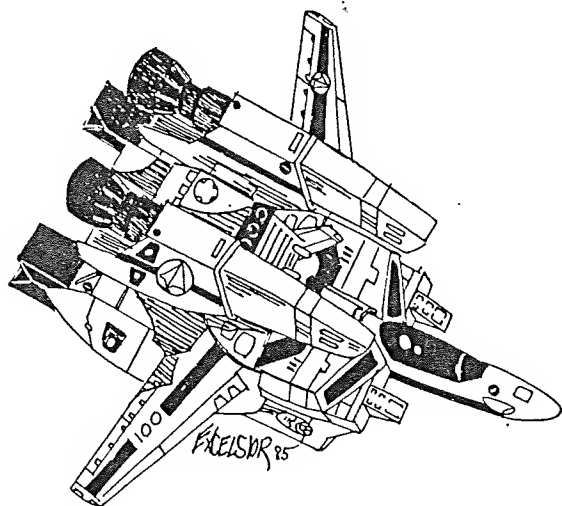
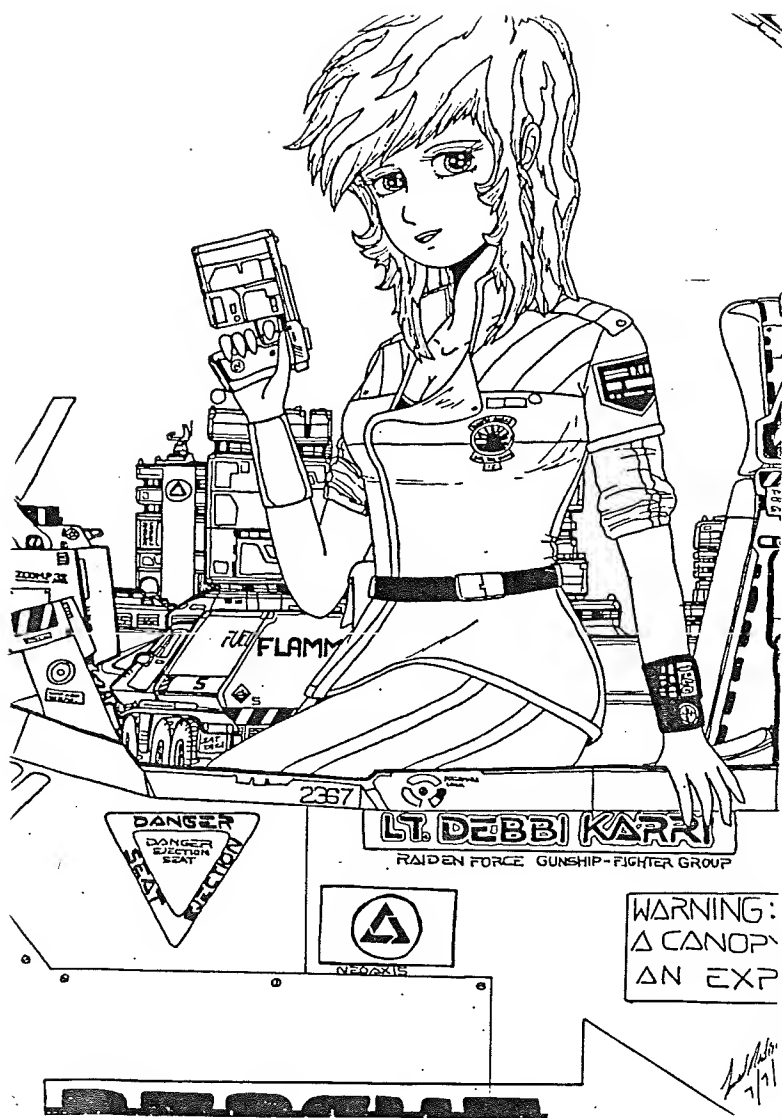
Kimaura's parents were killed in an air-car accident when she was 17 and in college. An older brother, David, was killed with the Pluto Expeditionary Force during the Earth-Gamilus war. A younger brother, Kevin, is a force controller at EDC HQ on Earth; and a is a force controller at EDC HQ on Earth; and a younger sister, Constance, is a communications officer currently assigned to Luna base.

**** *



DO YOU REMEMBER? - by Merica Floyd

I can see you are happy to be here again,
With the trees and the grassy meadows.
You enjoy the sun on your face,
And the cool gentral breeze stirring around you.
But do you remember?
Do you remember the suffering, the pain, the torment?
I think not.
Who aet you free from your underground prison?
Who opened your cage and let you roam in the sun?
Do you remember her name?
I think not.



STORY

(from the unofficial log of Earth Monitor Station I)

TRANSACTION - by Richard Halada

Who cares what a few marauders grumble? I'm just humble Weapon Salvageman Crannock, not some underground mutineer. So I happened to be in Earth Defense Monitor Station I's main docking workspoke last month, good old 'Snoutport', when the riot began. Why, the Station Boss himself ordered me in, to repair the main ceiling robo-gun turret, the one damaged when that hothead captain on the Space Cruiser Broadsword pegged a few shells at us, when he discovered that his ship's lounge and luxury stores had been plundered while in spacedock. Maybe somebody will accuse me of that next.

I was innocently dangling from the silver claws of a utility floater fifty meters above the greasy deck, trying to replace the shattered main target scanner - the one midway between Snoutport's big spokebase crash shield, and the air-containing ionic screen three hundred meters away that whippers and shimmers across the gaping entryway. I was hurrying. We'd heard that the envoy from NGC 540 was on his way, and the Boss wanted the blasters working in case anyone ran low on diplomacy. Scuttlebutt from the outer monitor stations said that the envoy was preceding a fantastically vast fleet, millions of ships cruising in a dense geometrical formation, so I hoped pessimistically that the Boss wouldn't pick a fight.

Fortunately, rumors said that the envoy was asking for a meeting with "Earth's Supreme Authority", so we all figured that he'd take one look at EDMS-I, rolling around Uranus like a chubby porcupine, sneer, and look elsewhere. Still, one could never tell. The contents of my tool pouch had just dumped for the third time, showering maddeningly to the deck. But before I could swoop down and collect my tools, the thick doors in the crash shield slid open, disgorging a howling mob in gaudy Arcturan finery.

I instantly recognized Hassan Grant's green helmet plumes bobbing in the midst of a cyclone of cursing crimson faces, pseudo-silk capes, and fluorescent fur kaftans. Above the echoes crowding the pungent air, I heard his grating squawk, "My ship! You stinking pirates!" I was moderately surprised. Hadn't he realized what would happen, bringing another shipload of Arcturan tourists to EDMS-I, after breaking the casino with telepathic henchmen on his last visit? By now his ship, the sleek Bonaventure, was already on the auction block at Deneb.

Then I began noticing anomalies among the wailing tourists milling around him: hulking forms resembling indentured scrap-hustlers I'd known, clad in too-tight women's burnouses; scarred visages fresh from detentionspoke glaring through tinsel Arcturan veils. Aha! He'd thought arrangements with hopeful deserters would keep him safe. I guess he'd chosen his accomplices unwisely, or else was just miserly with his bribes, as usual. Maybe he'd just dawdled one shift change too many. His getaway ship was gone.

Suddenly, I saw his ace card - hostages, to protect him from our outer defenses. Twenty dubious Arcturan maidens were lugging legendary brown cases - they had the officers' booze supply, culled from derelict freighters. The situation had become ugly. Securing my blast visor, I wrestled the floater around to shield me from the wild gunplay sure to follow. In the doorway a squadron of Granikov's armored Marauders had already appeared, gleefully unslinging chopguns. Then - I shudder to remember it - I beheld a chilling sight. Mind-shattering horrors of space and I are not strangers. In fact, several are close friends. But there, surrounded by Granikov's Finest, staggered the Station Boss, completely, horribly sober.

He was even shorter than I, but far wider, and his gibbering rage made his filthy white mane and beard virtually bristle and spark. He was dressed in his normal fatigues, a pair of ragged service boxer shorts. "Hrarrgh!" he roared, drowning out and silencing all else.

Before the delighted Marauders could shoulder and aim, however, Hassan had mustered the deserters. While the real tourists scrambled terror-stricken to the cover of junk heaped along the bulkheads, pausing only momentarily to snap a few videoplaques, Hassan was already snarling over a barricade of booze crates a dozen meters from the door. "Yah, shoot!" he taunted, though the nearest deserters disagreed strenuously, and the Marauders froze. A single stray shot, one vaporized bottle, and the Boss would.... Well, they held their fire, several bursting into tears. Hassan calmly, magnificently, drew out a bottle, and took a long, slow, lip-smacking swig. The Boss charged. Hassan casually dropped the bottle to shatter on the deck and pulled out another. Clutching the void where his heart should have been, the Boss staggered back, gasping, to the doorway.

"Get out! Shut the door! Either I get my ship back within the hour," Hassan grinned, "or the whiskey gets it."

Weeping, the Boss gestured, and the steel doors slammed shut, leaving only timidly exultant escapees below me, joyfully smashing the opening mechanism. True, it was I who ripped the main control unit from the turret when the guns began swivelling minutes later, but only because I knew the Boss would not approve of frustrated Granikov's solution to the problem.

Ah, the cheering below me then! Not for me - the mob had spotted an ornate ship's prow emerging from the ion screen. The superb golden craft, half filling the chamber, wafted beneath me at arm's length and landed. Only a few in the throng below realized it was not the Bonaventure returning, and it was only when a splendidly robed hairless chimpanzee strutted down the gangplank that we realized that the NGC 540 envoy had arrived, unnoticed in the confusion.

An attendant chimp followed close behind, clutching a head-sized blue sphere. Together, they marched toward Hassan, who stood unsetadly atop the crate barricade, arms folded imperiously, one green plume sagging down his back. The envoy stopped, chattered eloquently, and the sphere spoke, "You are the Prime Authority we seek?" Hassan stared appraisingly at the glittering ship before replying. "Sure. Why not? Want to trade my space station for your ship?"

Said the envoy's sphere, "Hail then, Queen of this region, from the Group Mind, of which I am but the merest cell. Addressing me, you speak with all. We would indeed bargain, but for passage through your system."

"Well, well. I'm sure we can make a deal. Your ship perhaps..."

"We regret our migration will destroy the planets in our unalterable path, but we will, of course, pay fair damages at some later time. We trust this will cause you no inconvenience."

"Huh?"

"How reasonable is your kind, unlike so many other obstructive races! Quickly! We will exchange tokens, so that I may hasten back."

The attendant, having loped back up the gangplank, was already returning, cradling a fist-sized crystal, whose beams filled Snoutport with a blue radiance, each ray humming an annoying atonal alien melody. Hassan wanted it immediately. Even from my perch, I thought I could see sweat dripping from his clutching palms as he reached for the gift, leaping down by the envoy.

"Right. I'll take that," he announced, "Here, a present for you, too." And Hassan Grant handed the robed chimp a bottle of the Boss' whiskey.

"Sealed and done," declared the translator sphere, as each examined his treasure, "What is this lordly gift?"

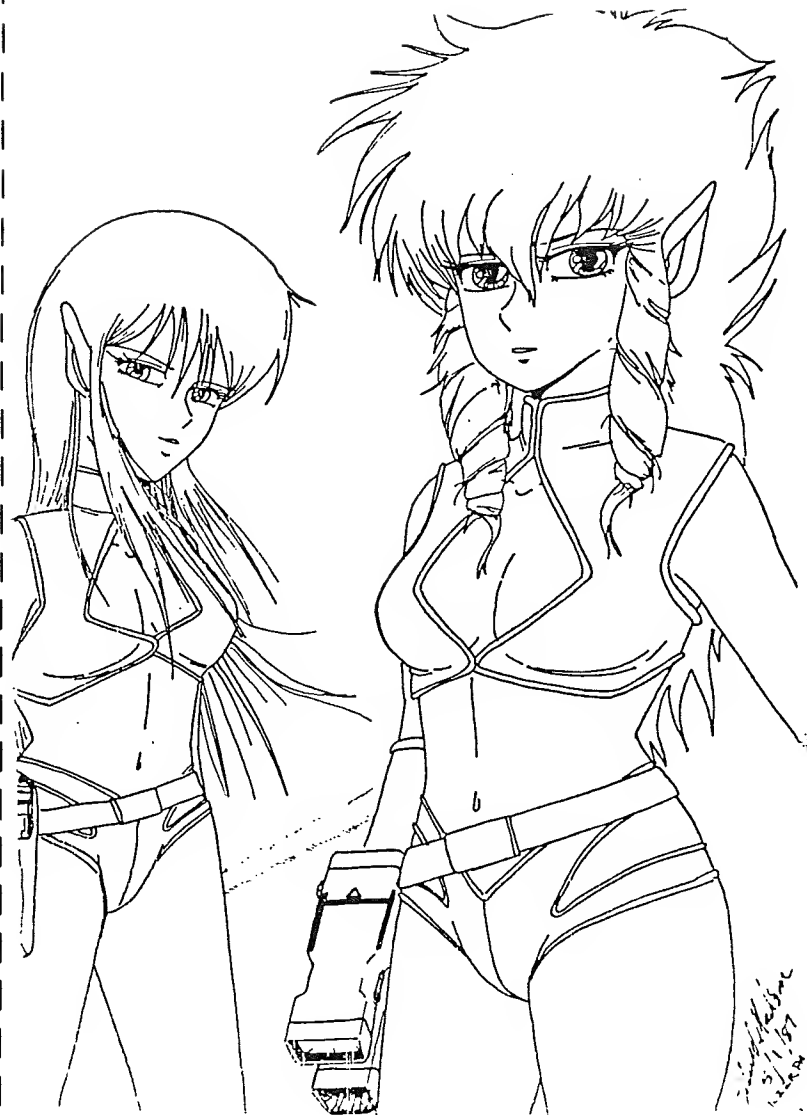
Hassan's back was already turned as he fought to keep the crystal from the deserters' eager hands. "Drink it, stupid," he offered over his shoulder, while the crystal changed hue and begun another chorus.

"I am but an expendable cell in the great Link, but thus may we all savor your system's generosity," and the envoy swiftly drained the bottle. A spectrum of expressions contorted the chimp's face, before he bowed low, and toppled over on the deck.

Hassan was embroiled in a fight over the crystal, but I'm sure the Arcturan's flashing videoplaque cameras caught the reeling attendant's uncoordinated attempts to drag the envoy back aboard ship, dropping him from the gangway onto his head several times. The golden ship did considerable damage wobbling back through the screen, adding several to the guns I need to repair, but, somehow, it missed me.

Piecing together the reports from scattered survivors of other galactic civilizations who'd found themselves on the NGC 540 migration route, the big shots on Earth discovered their mysterious escape a week later, long after the gigantic armada had disintegrated, coalescing again several days afterward on the other side of the Solar System, minus the thousands of ships that had milled into the outer planets, asteroids, or each other, or had simply wandered off. Perhaps the Group Mind's cosmic hangover will convince it to alter its return route. They won't realize that the EDMS-I liquor supply is now safely locked in the station Boss's personal vault. Or that Hassan Grant, the Supreme Authority, is now permanently employed mucking out salvaged reactor cores in workspoke 92. The Arcturan tourists now manning our new fleet of golden junkboats won't tell them.

Why am I telling you all this? Well, after the ship left, the deckplates erupted burrowing Marauders, and during the ensuing hand-to-gauntlet melee, I thought it high time I'd recovered my lost tools. Diving the floater into the fray, I made a wild grab, and sped through the Marauder-forced doors. But I missed the tools. I need some fast cash now for a new set before Supply charges me for them. Are you interested in buying a fist-sized crystal, that sings just a mite off-key?



ARTICLE

JAPANESE TIMELINES - by Derek Wakefield

It's been a long time since I've done a creative, speculative article for Nova, so I decided that it is high time I give it a try. There have been some questions and rumors about this particular subject going around and I thought that this might be a good time to clear up some misunderstanding concerning Japanese shows that for one reason or another have split into two or more timelines. Most of this article will be based on speculation on my part, so don't consider it hard, cold, stone fact, 'cause it could change.

The most confusing timelines that I have encountered come from the Matsumoto Galaxy series', Space Cruiser Yamato, and to a point, the Macross saga. Therefore, I will try to explain these timelines to the best of my current knowledge.

The Matsumoto Galaxy series shows include in chronological order: Queen of 1,000 Years (series), Queen Millennia (movie), My Youth in Arcadia (movie),

Eternal Orbit SSX (series), Captain Harlock (series), Galaxy Express 999 (series), Galaxy Express 999 (movie), and Adieu Galaxy Express 999 (movie). Now, as I said, that's the chronological order as they happen. But one problem - they don't connect, storyline-wise.

From what I understand, Reiichi Matsumoto originally intended for them all to connect together and create a huge saga like that of Yamato or Mobile Suit Gundam. However, Matsumoto went crazy and therefore none really fit. But it's figured that it could have made a saga by aligning the shows Queen Millennia, My Youth in Arcadia, Eternal Orbit SSX, Galaxy Express 999 (movie) and Adieu GE-999. But, scenes in SSX and the GE-999 movie screw this up. Only minor scene & script changes, concerning Tochihiro's death, and apirit, could lock these stories together.

Some false information concerning the Galaxy series is that Yamato fits into the series. Rumor has it that the Space Cruiser Yamato movie and Arrivederci Yamato fit into this timeline. No way, José! Yobishinu Nishizaki created Yamato, and Matsumoto only created the design-artwork. Another rumor that Captain Harlock is Alex Wildstar also has no fact behind it. Especially since in the Arrivederci



8/8/87
L. Madison

Timeline, Alex Wildstar didn't die, and would've lived out his life on Iscandar. This rumor was probably started due to the fact that Harlock was in the original Yamato-I story draft and was also in it's Sun Comic adaptation in which Alex Wildstar disappeared and suddenly Harlock showed up, with them bearing a striking resemblance to each other.

Another rumor trying to lock Yamato to the Galaxy series is the aliens from Arcadia of my Youth called the Irrumtus. The Irrumtus look just like the Comet Empirians from Arrivederci/Yamato II. In fact, that similarity is mentioned in the Arcadia of My Youth roman album. They are also both from the Andromeda Galaxy. So the only thing I can say is that Matsumoto designed both races and he tends to get repetitive. Nothing says they are the same, but, on the other hand, nothing says that they aren't.

Going on now, most of you are familiar with the first two seasons of Star Blazers, and have therefore been introduced to two of the Space Cruiser Yamato timelines. Yes, I did say two!

Space Cruiser Yamato has three full distinct timelines, due to the fact that it didn't want to die easily! The two timelines you as Star Blazer fans are familiar with are the Main Timeline, and the Final Yamato timeline, although I bet you didn't know it. If it truly becomes available, like rumors indicate, there will probably be a Star Blazers adaptation of the next story in these lines, the TV movie, Yamato: The New Journey. It was followed by Be Forever Yamato and the Yamato III/Star Blazers III series. (sorry folks, it doesn't look too good for a Be Forever adaptation). But this is where these two lines split. In the Main Timeline, Yamato III happened in 2205, and no more stories followed. In the Final timeline Yamato III happened in January 2203, with Be Forever ending in Dec. 2202 (?), and then following up with final Yamato in Dec. 2203, with Yamato going boom. The last timeline (which was really the first), is the Arrivederci Yamato timeline. It only consists of the first season/movie and Arrivederci, in which everyone dies and the Yamato goes boom in 2201. Confusing...you betcha! (sorry Ardith, but I had to borrow that one!)

And finally, Macross. I am only now getting into this series, so I can't explain it too much. But if you think that the Macross: Do You Remember Love movie is a sequel or prequel to the series currently being shown as Robotech, you're wrong. The movie is an alternate way of doing the series. Major differences between the two can clearly be seen in the synopses in Nova #8. For those of you who know the series (even the Robotech adaptation), if you haven't seen the series, then just believe me, the differences are overwhelming. Especially with the Zentraedi and Meltraedi. They are easily as different from one another as Arrivederci Yamato and Yamato II (series).

SYNOPSIS

AREA BB - ACT 1: "The Blue Skies of Betrayal"

SHIN KAZAMA is a talented young pilot. He excels in flying school, and he and his friend KANZAKI are selected for scholarships in France. While there, Kanzaki gets Shin drunk and forces him to sign up with the Modern French Foreign Legion. As a result, Shin has to spend three years fighting in a small mideastern country named ASLAN, on a base called AREA 88.

Shin reminisces about meeting his girlfriend RYOKO, for the first time. The daughter of the owner of YAMATO AIR LINES, she at first mistook Shin for a porter. Despite this unpromising beginning, they were soon in love.

And on this last note I would like to make a comment on a theory that I have heard several people present. That being that Robotech and Yamato could be from the same universe. Huh??!! It is clearly stated that in Yamato there were no invasions from space prior to the Gamilon invasion of 2192. Also, if Earth of Yamato's universe had a ship like Macross in the early 2,000's, why did their ships shown early in the first series only have nuclear propulsion, and only were about 1/3 the size of Yamato (A ship only 2/3 the size of the Prometheus & Daedalus arms of Macross!)? There is no fact to this theory, and also explains why Yamato cannot fit into the Galaxy Series (i.e. the 1999 LaMotel invasion of Earth in Queen Millennia).



Shin has swiftly grown to hate the killing in Area 88, but as his Commander, SAKI VASHTAL says, "There are three ways to leave Area 88- One: You can somehow survive the three years. Two: You can build up a credit of \$1,500,000 by destroying enemy tanks and planes, etc. Three: You can somehow escape. But place is heavily guarded..."

Meanwhile, back in Japan, Kanzaki reveals his plan to marry Ryoko, and thereby become rich. But Ryoko (despite pressure from her father) refuses to marry until she finds out what happened to Shin (who has not been allowed to contact the outside world.)

Shin only needs one more fighter kill to make his buy-out money, but he runs out of ammo and sustains a missile hit from the enemy. He makes it back to base, but crashes the plane on landing.

When he is told he now owes \$5,000,000 for repairs, he explodes in rage and frustration. Now he is farther than ever from any hopes of returning to Japan and Ryoko...."

Attention all Robotech fans! Here's a chance to test your robo-knowledge. An advisory note: there are some questions taken from the novelizations of the series. Readers of these books take note! Answers are listed elsewhere in this zine.

1. What event triggered the SDF-1's journey to Earth?
2. What is Khyron's unpleasant nickname?
3. What's the name of Minmei's manager?
4. What's the collective nickname of Kim, Sammie and Vanessa?
5. Who authorized a book on alien psychology?
6. What was the original title for Macross in Japan?
7. In what episode does Dana Sterling first appear?
8. What race created the Zentraedi as their "policemen"?
9. What is the name of the Robotech Masters' homeworld?
10. What's Dana's hovertank named?
11. Who were Dana's godparents?
12. What event preceded the Invid's invasion of Earth?
13. What is the name of Jonathan Wolfe's military unit?
14. What city did the Robotech Defenders visit before going to Reflex Point?
15. What did the Invid Regis call humans?
16. For Robotech II, who's in command of the SDF-3?
17. From what film is the Robotech movie adapted?
18. True or False: Mospeada is a part of the super dimension series.
19. How did Breetai get his eyepatch?
20. Where was Reflex Point approximately located?



STORY

THE UNTOLD STORY - Pt. 2 - by Kenneth Mayes

The corridors of the Argo echoed hollowly with the sound of footsteps as Derek Wildstar wandered through them. He had spent the last hour walking through the ship lost in thought.

The lift-off from Earth had been uneventful and routine. After slingshotting out of the Earth's gravitational pull they had plotted a circular solar orbit that would carry the ship out to the Neptune space station and then back into the inner system inside Venus' orbit before arcing back out and returning to Earth orbit and eventual landing.

As the door to his cabin slid open and he prepared to step inside, he heard a voice call to him from over his shoulder. He turned around and saw that it was Nova.

"Derek, where have you been?" she asked, "I haven't seen you since we launched."

Wildstar leaned against the bulkhead. "I've.. ah..I've been inspecting the...uh...the ship."

"Derek," she said, "Is Larry's presence on the ship bothering you?"

"Oh no, that's not bothering me at all," he answered. "It's the way you acted when you saw him that bugs me. Why didn't you ever tell me about him?"

Nova glanced away, not meeting his eyes. She half turned and stared at the floor for a few seconds. Finally she looked back to his eyes, "I really don't know, Derek. I know I should have...but...I don't know...I guess that it just hurt so much thinking about him that I tried to pretend that he had never existed."

"Were you and him serious about each other?" Wildstar asked.

"Yes," she answered, "We were almost married. I've known him ever since I was a little girl. We went to school together. My mother liked him a lot and pushed me to date him when I was a teenager. I grew to love him and we eventually got engaged."

"He was drafted by the marines a little while later. During his basic training he was stationed in Shanghai." Nova paused and cleared her throat, "About two days after I was certified as a nurse we received word that Shanghai had been planet-bombed and millions of people killed. My unit was mobilized and sent into the fringe areas to offer aid to the survivors. But the devastation was so complete that I had no hope that he was alive. I immersed myself into my work after that in an effort to avoid facing the pain."

Derek considered for a few seconds, "Nova," he asked, "Do you still love him?"

"Yes, I love him, I always will, but...I don't know if it's the same kind of love I once felt for him," she said, "I know this isn't easy for you, Derek, but I have to get my feelings sorted out. I'm really confused right now."

"Nova," Wildstar said, "You know I love you. I always will."

"...and I love you, Derek, and nothing can change that, but I need time to figure this thing out for myself. I'm sorry!"

Suddenly she turned away and ran down the hallway and around the corner. Wildstar hesitated for a second and then started after her. As he neared the corner he heard voices.

"Oh, Nova, there you are," the voice that Wildstar recognized as Larry's said. "I was wondering if you would join me later on for dinner in the mess hall."

"...Uh..." she hesitated, "Okay...I'll join you."

Wildstar turned slowly away from the corner and headed back toward his quarters.

The routine post-launch examinations were underway down in sick-bay and Doctor Sane was busy running from diagnostic bed to diagnostic bed correlating the readings in the computer. PC-38 was acting as a relay into the main computer which allowed Doctor Sane to

complete the examinations in less than one quarter of the usual time.

"Peacy," he said, "Readings on Lt. Ivanov are normal. Record that he has a slight sore throat, though."

"Yes, Doctor," she said. A rapid spurt of electrical energy carried the information directly into the computer banks from PC-38's all purpose extenso-plug which was plugged into the sickbay terminal.

"Well, guess who's decided to drop in." a tinny mechanical voice called from the door.

"Oh no!" PC-38 groaned, "Not you again!"

"Oh, yes, it's me, IQ-9, genius robot extraordinaire."

"Doctor Sane," PC-38 said quickly, "If you don't mind I will now go down to the computer room to recalibrate the mode-one analysis computer."

"Very well, Peacy," he answered, "Why don't you take IQ-9 with you? He's really good at working with computer equipment."

"Yeah!" IQ agreed, "I'd really enjoy helping you work. We could have a nice long talk in the process."

"Thank you, Doctor," PC-38 said coldly, "Thank you so very much."

Doctor Sane, not recognizing the sarcasm in her tone, waved back over his shoulder. "Think nothing of it, Peacy."

As she headed for the door, IQ rolled up beside her and started talking, "Did you know that I saved this ship single-handedly once from an entire field of deadly mines?...."

The door slid shut behind them leaving Doctor Sane alone with his patients.

Wildstar had slept fitfully all through the afternoon. He had intended only to nap for a short time, but he couldn't get deep enough into sleep to really rest. He kept thinking about Nova. Finally he gave up on sleep and just watched a holo-tape he had brought from Earth. But he couldn't even concentrate on that.

Finally he reached up and flicked the image off. He stood up and was about to step into the head when the alarm sounded.

"Captain Wildstar," Dash called over the intercom, "Please come to the bridge."

"Wildstar here, Dash, what is it?"

"We have received a message from outside the solar system, Wildstar. It's a distress call."

"Does Venture have the course?" Wildstar asked.

"Yes, he has a rough fix."

"Good," Wildstar said, "Tell him to plot the course and lay it in. But before he executes it I want to talk to the Commander. Tell Homer to put through a call to Earth Defense Headquarters. I'm on my way to the bridge."

As the elevator door opened, Wildstar bounded onto the bridge. "Wildstar," Homer said, "I've got the Commander waiting on frequency D."

"Put him on the main screen, Homer."

The overhead screen lit up with the image of the Commander of the Earth Defense Command. "Yes, Wildstar, what is it?"

"Commander," Wildstar explained, "About fifteen minutes ago we received a distress call."

"From whom?"

"We don't know," Wildstar said, "All we know is that it originated from outside our solar system in the general direction of 40 Eridani. Sandor is running a computer enhancement of the signal to determine the distance that the message traveled before we picked it up."

"Very well," the Commander said, "And I can guess why you're calling me."

Wildstar smiled. "I suppose so, air. I'd like permission to answer the call if Sandor's analysis proves that the source of the call is within our range."

The Commander grinned, "Uh, huh...and if I refuse? You'll just go anyway."

"Uh..." Wildstar stuttered.

"Very well, Wildstar," the Commander laughed, "If the source of the signal is within your operating range you have permission to answer it."

"Thank you sir," the captain of the Argo said.

The screen went blank and Wildstar turned to Sandor, "Well, can you determine the distance from us to the source of the signal?"

"I'll try, Wildstar," Sandor turned to his intercom, "IQ-9, report to the bridge immediately."

"Do I have to?" the metallic voice answered, "I'm kind of...involved."

"Yes, you have to," Sandor snapped, "I need you to do some computations for me. Now get up here!"

"Very well."

"Venture," Wildstar ordered, "Execute that course change. Dash, put the ship on yellow alert. Sandor, when you have a definite figure let me know. I'll be in the mess hall."

He then turned and headed toward the elevator door.

Mark Venture walked briskly into the mess hall and glanced around. He noticed Wildstar sitting back in the corner nibbling on a pastry. He turned to the serving counter and poured himself a cup of coffee. After pouring in a little cream he turned and walked over to Wildstar's table.

"Mind if I sit here?" Venture said.

"Hmmm?" Wildstar mumbled, still staring at the other side of the mess hall.

Venture followed Wildstar's gaze and saw Nova sitting on the other side of the room. She was engaged in an animated conversation with Larry.

Setting his coffee down on the table Venture leaned over and waved his hand in front of Wildstar's face, breaking his concentration.

Wildstar blinked and looked up at Venture, "Huh... oh...Venture. I'm sorry. What do you want?"

"I asked if I could sit down."

"Oh, sure, go ahead."

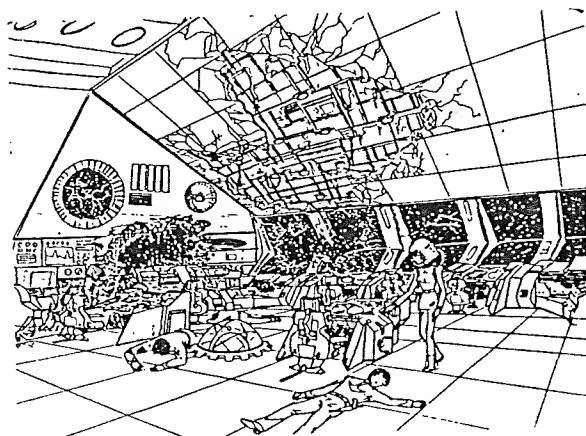
Venture sat down across from Wildstar and sipped at his coffee. Wildstar looked back toward Nova and Larry.

"You know Wildstar," Venture said, "If looks could kill... I think that Larry character would've died about two hours ago...and you'd be up on charges."

"Very funny," Wildstar said, "What's going on up on the bridge?"

"Well, the ship is on a rough heading in the direction of the source of that distress signal. Sandor is still calculating the exact distance we'll have to travel. The way he figures it, we'll have to make one space-warp."

"Good," Wildstar said, "The crew could use the



practice." He turned and looked in the direction of Nova again.

"Want to talk about it, Derek?"

"No," Wildstar answered, "Thanks, Venture, but I really don't feel like talking right now."

"Maybe not to me," Venture said, "But maybe to Nova...?"

Wildstar fiddled with his chopsticks, absently pushing a slice of ahi around the small tray. "I already tried that. I didn't accomplish much. She's as confused by the situation as I am."

"Well then. Try talking to Larry," Venture suggested, "He doesn't look confused to me."

"You've got a point there, Venture."

The cavernous room that was the observation deck echoed hollowly with the footsteps of the captain of the ship. Wildstar walked slowly up to the huge plexiglass windows that looked out into the infinite vastness of outer space. The inviting blackness captured his attention totally. The distant pin-points of fire that were blazing stars burned brightly against the dark inky blackness. Far off in the distance he could see the small greenish orb that was the planet Neptune.

He was almost at the point of being hypnotized by the panorama when he heard someone walking up behind him.

He turned around to see that it was Larry.

"You wanted to see me, Captain?"

"Yes, sergeant," he answered, "I uh..I would like to talk to you about Nova. I'm sure that you are aware that Nova and I have had a relationship for quite some time."

"Yeah," Larry answered, "What about it?"

"Well," Wildstar said, "I know also that you once had a very deep relationship with her as well."

"...and that bothers you."

"No, that doesn't bother me," Wildstar replied, "I'm concerned about her and her feelings. I want to know what you feel about her."

"Captain," Larry said shortly, "With all due respect...that isn't any of your damn business."

"When it concerns Nova, I think it is!"

"Captain," Larry said, "My feelings are my own. I don't share them with anyone unless I want to. Now I'm going to go back to my quarters."

"Wait!" Wildstar ordered, "I think it would be a good idea if you would refrain from seeing Nova for awhile. At least until she gets her feelings straightened out."

"Now you wait just one minute Captain-sir! I will conduct my private life as I see fit! Nobody, and I mean nobody tells me what to do or who I can see or not see when I'm not on duty! Not even you!"

"I'm not ordering this as your Captain," Wildstar said, "I'm telling you man to man -- stay away from her for awhile!"

"No." Larry said softly but sternly.

"You will."

"Wildstar, if you weren't my Captain, I'd have broken your neck five minutes ago."

"Hey," Wildstar said, "If you want a piece of me, don't let my rank stop you. I'll take you on right now."

"No," the marine said. "Not as Sergeant and Captain."

"What as, then?"

"Just two guys working out in the gym." Larry turned and walked away a few steps. "Just a little sparring. You and me. In an hour." He turned and headed for the door.

"I'll be there." Wildstar whispered.

The gym smelled of sweat and plastic as Wildstar stepped into it. The regular calisthenic sessions for the crew were over and the gym was almost empty.

Almost, that is, except for the slight black-clad figure sitting in the middle of the mat with his eyes

closed. Wildstar knew even without seeing his face that it was Larry.

"Hello, Captain," Larry said without opening his eyes, "I trust you are ready for our little...uh...workout."

"I'm ready." Wildstar snapped.

"Very well then....so am I."

Slowly, Larry rose from the floor and turned to face Wildstar, "Be ready then."

Wildstar spread his feet slightly and brought his fist up into fighting position. He started circling the smaller marine.

Larry smiled and brought his hands up in graceful flowing movements weaving them up and down and side to side. He began to move about the floor keeping pace with Wildstar's movements.

With lightning speed Wildstar lashed out with his right. Larry weaved his left quickly, bumping Wildstar's hand away as though he were swatting a fly. Wildstar continued his frontal assault by cutting across with his left fist, aiming for Larry's jaw. But Larry's right arm swept across in an arc, deflecting Wildstar's fist off to the outside.

Wildstar was beginning to bring his right fist back into play with Larry's left cut back in and impacted on Wildstar's right cheek. His head snapped back and he almost fell. He stumbled back and shook his head. He looked back at Larry and saw him smiling.

Rage welled up in him and he charged forward. Just before he reached his opponent, however, he felt a sharp blow into his abdomen. Larry withdrew his foot from the kick he had just delivered and flashed it out again. The heel of his foot struck Wildstar on the jaw. Quickly following through, Larry dropped his foot and with a spin-kick he brought his other foot around and struck Wildstar squarely in the ribs.

The Captain of the Argo doubled over as his breath left him. Lamely, he swung out again. The small marine blocked the swing easily and then gripped his opponent's arm. His right foot came up and struck Wildstar in the ribs again three times in rapid succession, then he folded his leg up and passed it up and over Wildstar's arm and brought the head of his foot down forcefully on the back of Wildstar's neck.

The incredibly intense blow knocked Wildstar to the mat. He lay there for a minute trying to catch his breath. Then slowly, agonizingly, Wildstar got back onto his feet. He fell back into a fighting position and waited for Larry to make the next move.

The small but ferocious marine moved slowly towards the Captain with his inane smile still plastered across his face. He feigned a punch towards Wildstar and was satisfied to see the Captain move to intercept it. With his other hand he punched straight out toward Wildstar's unprotected jaw. He followed quickly with his other hand and then brought his foot up again striking the Captain in the solar plexus. Wildstar staggered back from the volley of blows.

Bling with rage, Wildstar charged forward again. Larry side-stepped and, grabbing Wildstar by the arm, threw the Captain to the mat. Wildstar rolled and came up onto his feet. He charged again. Larry dropped suddenly and flung his leg out in a wide sweeping arc, cutting Wildstar's legs out from under him. The air left Wildstar's lungs rapidly as he landed flat on his back. The back of his head hit hard and he saw streaks of light appear before his eyes.

Wildstar inhaled sharply trying to refill his lungs. Slowly he sat up. A wave of dizziness swept over him. He fought his way back to his feet, however, and faced Larry again.

Suddenly Larry swung around and brought his right foot up into a spin-kick. Wildstar saw the move coming and tried to block it but he was still dizzy and he misjudged the distance. The heel of Larry's foot impacted on Wildstar's nose.

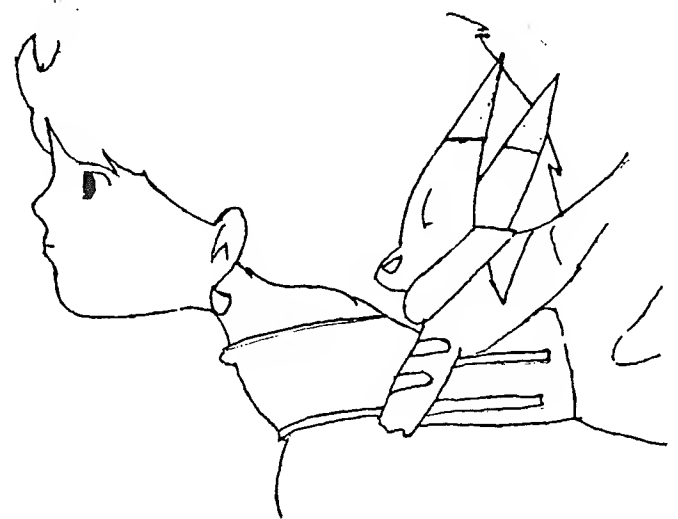
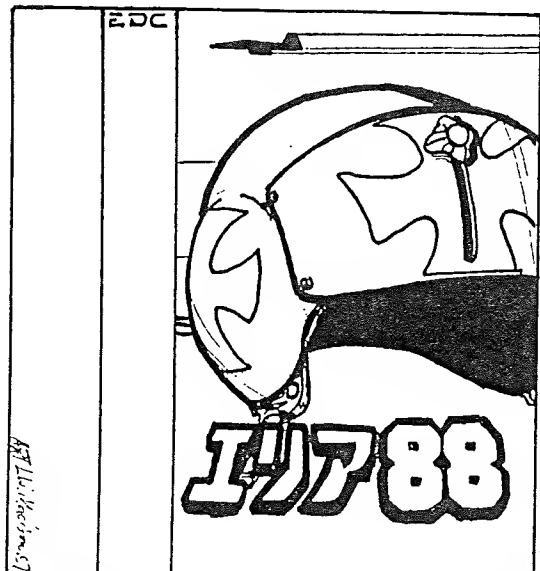
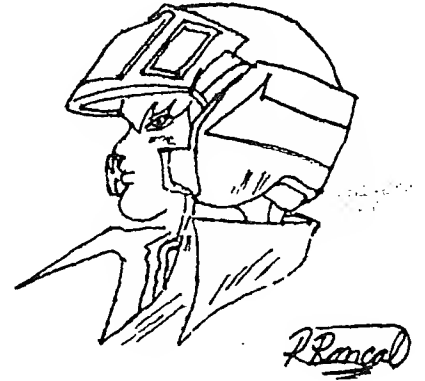
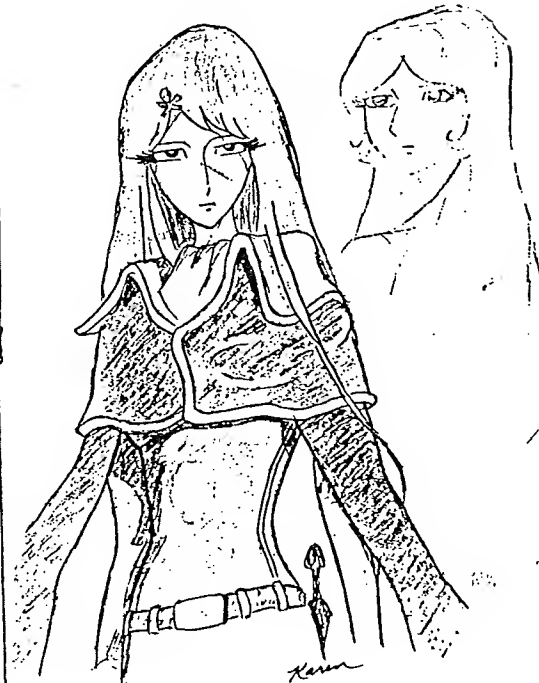
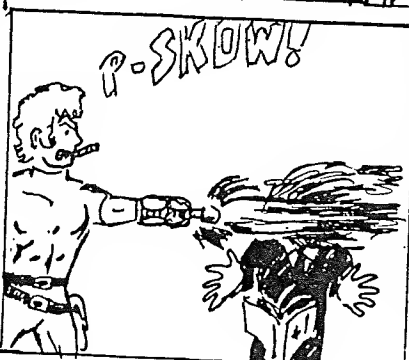
A blank whiteness engulfed the Captain and he lost

track of where the floor was. His feet left the floor and he landed on his back. Everything was spinning and he was filled with blinding pain. He opened his eyes and saw red. He blinked but the redness didn't go away. He rubbed his eyes with his hand and his fingers came away wet, sticky and warm.

In the back of his mind he could hear voices. "THAT'S ENOUGH!" one voice said, "THIS HAS GONE TOO FAR!" "BREAK IT UP!" another said. The whiteness slowly faded to black.

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STORY

LIONS & DREAMS - by Todadler

I tell you this story and tell you it true. It aound strange, yes, but it happen to me. You understand I watch cartoon "Voltron" every day, so I know characters well, they like friends. I watch one day, in episode I recall bad guy King Zarkon of nasty Planet Doom attack Pollux, one of nice planets, so Voltron Force go help them. Princess Romelle and Sven flee attackers and hide somewhere on planet--or perhaps they get captured, nobody sure which, little Prince Bander terribly worried about big sister. On Pollux, Voltron face big nasty robeast--bigger and nastier than most of them. He put up good fight, but robeast knock off right arm or, or Red Lion, and Lance get terribly hurt. But Pidge, in Green Lion, Voltron's left arm, manage to get Blazing Sword, finiah robeast. Voltron win, but have only four people to fly his Lions now.

On Planut Arus, Voltron's base, Keith tell them problem. I recall conversation this way.

Keith: "We're really in a pickle. With Lance severely, perhaps even fatally, hurt and Sven miasing, we don't have anybody to pilot the Red Lion."

Pidge: "And Voltron needs both the Red and Green Lions to form the Blazing Sword."

Hunk: "Then why can't you put the Princess or me in the Red Lion, and we'll just do a one-legged Voltron?"

Keith: "We need all five lions to form Voltron. But there's no way we can find and train someone to replace Lance before Zarkon attacks again--which he certainly will, knowing we can't form Voltron."

Hunk: "Allura sure knew how to fly the Blue Lion in a hurry after Sven first disappeared!"

Keith: "She was already a well-trained pilot when we came. Besides, she had been studying the controls of the lions in secret, so she was able to learn to fly her Lion fairly quickly. We can't count on having that kind of luck again."

Allura: "Wait! I think I know how we can find someone to fly the Red Lion. Remember when Sven and Romelle raided Haggard's laboratory? We captured a lot of her weird equipment. Most of it we can't figure out, but there is one thing that Pidge and I have been experimenting with. It's a sort of doorway that lets you look into parallel dimensions, and can even open up a gate into them."

Pidge: "Several times when we've been working with it, we have seen this creature who seems to be watching us. We've figured out that she is on our side, but in her dimension we're a fantasy. Even so, I have a feeling she can help us."

Keith: "It's certainly worth a try. Just about anything is now."

They go into lower parts of castle. Pidge and Allura lead their companions to big frame-like thing with switches and dials all around it. Pidge push some buttons, Allura make some adjustments. Center of frame--Doorway of Dimensions, they call it--start to glow all sorts colors.

While I watch, TV suddenly go bananas. I mad because this my favorite show. I hiss: "Those facists! Why happen this in middle of 'Voltron'!" Then Allura herself step out of TV in front of me! She look like cartoon not, no--she appear as real person! This strange, think I, straight out of "Dr. Who". No, straight out of "Voltron", ha ha!

I exclaim: "Princess Allura!"

She say: "I had a feeling you'd know who I am."

I introduce myself: "I Todadler. You seek someone to help Voltron, you come to right place. I have many powers that can help him. I very smart, I learn to fly Red Lion quickly."

Allura: "Then welcome to the team!" We shake hands. I add: "I big fan of Voltron. I proud to be

his right-hand lady!" we laugh.

I follow her through Doorway into Castle of Lions. On other side, place look like cartoon not, but like real place. Allura introduce me to others in Voltron Force, and Nanny and Coran. I of course know everybody's name. Nanny see me, she freak out. She exclaim: "Oh! What an ugly monster!" Princess say: "She's not an ugly monster; she's our friend! She has come to help us!"

Keith say: "I don't care what she looks like just as long as she can fly the Red Lion."

First give they me tour of castle. I see control rooms, living quarters, recreation rooms. They introduce me to mice, too. Mice fear me at first, but I broadcast friendship waves, they know I mean them harm not.

I tell Coran they best keep me secret as long as possible, so when Zarkon attack again he expect Voltron not. Coran tell me many people--men and women, mostly young--come to Castle of Lions, hope to join Voltron Force. He say he continue interviews, let some test-fly Red Lion so enemy spies think position atill open.

Then I tell them I wish to see Lance; perhaps I help him with my healing powers. They take me to hospital on other planet where Lance in intensive care. Doctor there tell me his chances less than fifty-fifty, he have many terrible injuries, even if he live he perhaps fly Lion again never. I go to Lance's side, examine him with my mind. I feel out his injuries. I heal him enough so he will live. Later, I say, I will return, to help him further.

We return to Arus. Keith take me to launch area in Castle Control, begin my training. He show me how to use T-elevator, give me key to Red Lion, and I go. I ride T-bar to shuttle, ride down tube from castle to Red Lion volcano. Lava bother me--I like cold, but I put up with lava for Voltron. Then my seat lifted into cockpit of Lion. I insert key, Lion come to life. Keith tell me how to operate Lion controls. With my instincts I grab controls, will Lion to move. We charge out of volcano to castle. I scan Lion controls as I run. I figure out how to fly Lion, off go we! Big fun! Others amazed I fly Lion already! Keith say I do excellent.

I go through tests, run around various terrains, shoot at targets, fly maneuvers, learn controls of Red Lion. Keith coach me constantly over radio. I get to know Lion very well, as it become familiar as my own body. Soon I most comfortable with Lion.

Keith suggest we have dry run to form Voltron, so I get comfortable as part of him. I say it best we wait. If enemy see Voltron, they know Voltron Force find replacement for Lance, so it best we wait until we need Voltron before I first become part of him. So we have practice in Lions for while. I quickly get knack of flying in formation, fighting alongside other Lions. When evening come, Keith call it day, so we send Lions home. Now rest we, and chat.

Keith and others tell me I fantastic. They say if Lance see me, he jealous. I tell them I enjoy whole thing.

We have few days peace, for recreation and chat, for practice in Lions, for me to learn more about their world, for them to learn about mine. All during halcyon time we relax, but we stay alert, for Planet Doom attack any time.

I there just few days when alert sound. Coran tell me enemy forces attacking. I see nasty ships on monitor. I tell others to stay at castle--I teach those ships thing or two! I assume Queen-of-Nightmares form, my strongest form, which even more horrific than my Stalker form, form in which I spend more time, in which my new friends first see me. I tell them thia my strongest shape, which I use for battle.

I fly out of castle, confront ships. They startled when they see me. I shoot lasers from my eyes, ram them head-on. They shoot at me, I dodge

their fire, deflect it with my wings. I assault them with my psionic powers of telekinesis, cryokinesis, psychic blasts. I breathe frozen blood, all ships caught in cloud disintegrate. They no doubt amazed by power of one creature! I overhear Hunk say: "With Todadler around, who needs Voltron!" Indeed, but how handle I robeast?

And soon enough, robeast appear. Big, nasty one, too, uglier than I! It look like cross between walrus and Conan, all brawn, no brain. I decide to try my hand at fighting it. I Voltron not, but I have my powers, though I small compared to robeast--or Voltron. I fly at big critter, fire lasers, breathe blasta of arctic cold, unleash psi powers. Big monater seem immune to my attacks. I fly at it to distract it. I attack its head. My claws rip its flesh, but do little damage. This thing too much for Todadler! I make another pass before I retreat, robeast grab me with massive hand! I trapped. Robeast too strong for me. I see others' running to Lions to help me.

CHAPTER 2

I struggle, use claws. Nothing help. Then I use eye-lasers to cut finger. Robeast let go. I head for castle, Robeast blast me with its lasers, rip my wings so I fall into moat. I land on Blue Lion. Allura see me, she worried because I hurt. I assure her I all right, heal my wings. She say she take me to volcano of Red Lion so I take off from there. I hide in mouth of Blue Lion.

We take off--and Lotor, Prince of Doom, waiting for us. He gaga about Allura, want her for his own, so many times he try and capture her. I sense him preparing to snag Blue Lion and get princess, prevent others from forming Voltron. I feel traction-beams grab Blue Lion. I tell others by telepathy not to interfere--I get idea. I give that superjerk Lotor nasty surprise!

I expand my mind, probe scene. Lotor have what he come for, he recall robeast. Bad creature go into beam of energy, back into battleship. Others pretend to lose Allura. I feel Lion taken aboard command ship. When Lion aboard, Lotor make Allura come out. I crouch in Blue Lion's mouth, wait for right moment to pounce.

Allura stand before Lotor, quite frightened. Or she pretend it--if so, she very good. I sense fright in others very well. I sense fright in Allura--but I sense it only slightly, so my presence reassure her. Still, Lotor suspect nothing. He admire her beauty, declare: "At last you are mine, Allura!"

I watch carefully, tense my muscles for leap. Nobody look up here, they think nothing in Lion. Lotor draw near Allura, she back off. Then Allura blocked by Lion's leg. Lotor about to grab her, so I jump!

With blood-curdling shriek I lunge at Lotor. I see such expression on anyone's face before not! At first he too horrified to move. I unsheath my claws. Then he duck as I swoop over him. I rip his kilt as I pass. Allura run for safety--away from Lion, because Doom troops surround it. I see Lotor's bare butt through tear. I fly in circles overhead, tease him: "I see London, I see France, I see Lotor's underpants!" Lotor say "How dare you insult me so!"

Princess keep running. I run to her aid, but laser fire interfere. I hold off troops so Allura escape. Then I fly after her. More troops appear. Suddenly too many for even me. Lasers hit me before I can deflect them, I fall stunned.

I recover quickly, but by then Allura captured. I look around--no Allura, no Lotor. I feel groggy. Troopera grab me, take me prisoner. I let them, hope I will at least get near Allura. They put me in cell, where I lie down, recollect my senses. My head clear at last, I make mental search for Allura. I send my

mind around ship, find her in cell distant from mine. Via telepathy I tell her to stay cool, assure her I will get us out of this pickle. Then I search for Lotor. I find him, tap onto his loudly broadcast thoughts. He send message to Arus, calling for surrender or else. I decide to do something about that. I concentrate, impose my will on transmitter so it broadcast my thoughts instead of Lotor's words. I tell Arus: "Surrender not! I will save Allura! I promise you, she safe. I soon get her out of here, so you all hang tough!" Lotor get very mad. Then I short transmitter so he broadcast no more. Now he really piddled!

Once again concentrate I on Allura's position, seek way to get to her. I find several routes, pick one through less-used passages. I check outside, sense no one in there, will door to open. No easy, for lock electronic and very cleverly designed, but I open it finally. Then I sneak out, carefully make my way through ship. I assume form of budgie to get past guards and patrols. I keep careful tabs on Allura's position as I go to check my route.

I almost to her cell when sirens sound. They detect my escape! Now my task harder! I see extra guards near her cell. No time for subtlety here, think I as I assume Queen-of-Nightmares form and blast them with my eye lasers. Then I will open door to Allura's cell. Lock same as one on mine, so this time my task easy. Allura very happy to see me. Say she: "But how are we going to escape? Lotor's troops have the door blocked."

I say: "I know way out."

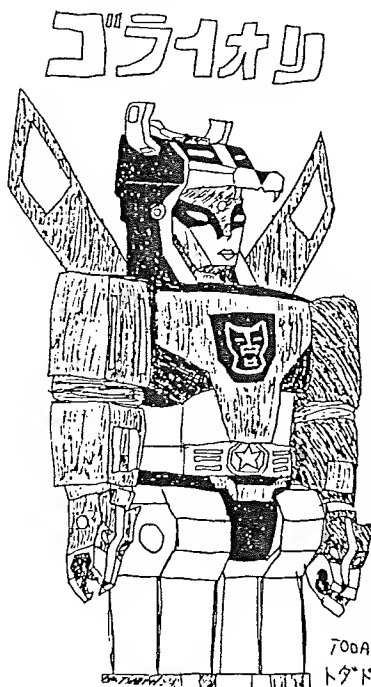
Ask she: "How?"

"I can teleport, but I must know where we go."

First weld I door shut with eye lasers. Say I: "That give us time to find your Lion. Now help me concentrate. Concentrate with me. Think of Blue Lion. We concentrate together, we find Lion on this ship, I teleport to it."

We think hard, think of Blue Lion. I tap onto her mind. Together think we of Blue Lion. Slowly reach our out minds together, seek Lion. I pick up vibes of Lion. Together think we of where Lion be. Together concentrate we on location of Lion.

Outside, troops try to break down door. Allura say: "They're going to break in here!" I say: "Sssh! break your concentration not! I almost have it. Keep your thoughts on Blue Lion."



Finally find we Blue Lion. I concentrate on location of Lion. Then I will us there. I feel us "wink" out of cell. We wink into big hangar on ship, in open space some distance from Lion. Troops mill around in hangar. They see us not, so we sneak as close to Lion as we can.

Then trooper spot us. I let him have it. Allura and I blast our way centimeter by centimeter to Lion with lasers and my cold breath. I fly at troopers, disorient and scatter them with fear vibes while Allura jump into Lion. I sense her triumph, join her. Again hide I in Lion's mouth. I will hangar doors open. We leap out into space. Now

back to Arus!

Allura fly over Castle of Lions, I jump out, fly to castle. Inside reassume I Stalker form, go to lift to Red Lion. I ride T-bar, drop into shuttle, ride to Lion. I place my key, Lion come to life.

I scramble out of volcano, go to where action take place. Lotor unleash robeast on Arus again--mad because Princess escape. My friends have problems. I hurry to join them. Robeast throw Liona in every direction. I sneak up on it, give it big surprise in butt. It let go of Green Lion. Voltron time!

Pidge say: "But we've never formed Voltron with Todadler in Red Lion!"

Keith: "None of us had ever formed Voltron before in any of the Liona the first time we did, but we didn't have any problems! And the first time we formed Voltron with the Princess, it was a piece of cake. From what I've seen of Todadler, this should be old hat!"

Keith call out orders just as I recall: "Ready to form Voltron! Activate interlocks! Dynatherms connected! Infracells up! Megathrusters are go!" We all say together: "Let's go, Voltron Force!"

We soar together, energy crack between five Lions. As Lions rocket into sky, as my Lion pull in legs and

tail and prepare to form Voltron's arm, I feel tremendous power surging, power I imagine or feel before never. As I lock in as part of Voltron, I feel fantastic power, power of Voltron gushing like flame through me and my Lion. I get high. I become part of the power. I become part of Voltron. To me it all big fun! I imagine it like this not, never.

Robeast charge us. I prepare to use my own abilities to help Voltron. Keith say, "Ignite lion torches!" We give Robeast firey bath. That burn you up, no? think I. Monster cringe, but then it come at us again. We jump over it fire stingray missiles. I see robeast now hurt. We follow through with astroblasters. Now robeast respond with blasters of its own, knock Voltron off balance. It try to jump on us, but we roll out of way. Voltron back on feet, he attack directly. I bite into robeast's arm, use my telekinesis to help make Voltron's attack even stronger. We push Robeast back, it stumble, Voltron break off his biting attack.

"Form Blazing Sword!" Now finish we sucker! I put my instincts behind Voltron's swing. Pow! Sword go right through monster. We jump away as it explode in spectacular fireball. I feel surge of energy through me, through Voltron. Victory feeling. Something very strange about this big fellow!

BELOVED STRANGER - by Julie Tharp

Stranger! Do you know how longingly I look upon you?
You must be he I was seeking (our eyes meet as in a dream).
I will somewhen surely live a life with you.

- All is recalled or, rather, dreamed as we flit by each other:
Adolescently infatuated, maturely bound.

I feel I should know you so well -
My comrade, my friend; my love.

Danger and triumph have I shared with you,
All the joys and sorrows, hopes and fears.

I have worked with you and talked with you,
Ate with you; and slept with you.

Borne a child by you; for
Your body has become not yours only

Nor left my body, mine only -
I must know you so well.

- You give me the pleasure of your eyes, face, mind as we pass.
You take these in return as gladly I would give -

And gladly take of yours - my lips, hands, form.
All of me: My whole life to spend with you.

For nor is the innermost part of me, mine alone now.

Thought and memory and the heart of my
Heart's emotions I have given you.

You know me as well as I know myself;
for you have helped me to bring forth, and show

Me all that I am and all that I can be.

And you - I have touched another's soul.

I know you as clearly and more dearly
Than I know myself.

- Or do I? Do I know anything about you?
I feel I must; and yet - I don't even know your name.

Stranger. Am I not to speak to you?

To know you as best I can; before I pass on

With you always in my heart

And often on my mind?

I have never felt this feeling before -

I looked at you; and suddenly, it came to me:

The way I'd barely begun to hope it could be.

So true and singular, deep and strong -

So unexpected. Embarrassment and disconcertion

Override anything else;

And I pass on.

- I am to wait. I do not doubt I am to meet you again

And when that time comes, I am to see to it

That I do not lose you.

Because I know that I love you -

And that you love me.

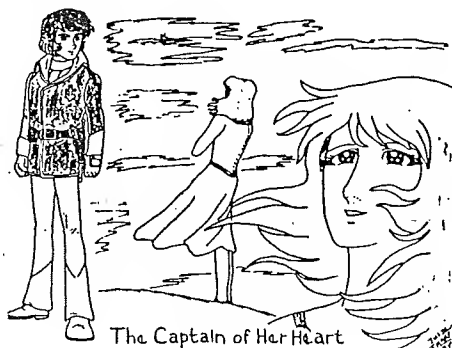
Author's Explanation:

This was inspired by the scene from the first episode of SB-I involving the first meeting between Wildstar and Nova where, in a quick sidelong glance, Nova "checks out" Wildstar as she passes him in the hallway; causing deep and unfamiliar feelings within both of them.

Told from Nova's point of view during the time she is aware of him (we see her on screen) before, during and after the glance - and later, too, it explores the possible conscious and subconscious thoughts and emotions that she could experience or fantasize in those fleeting moments or in the long time after. In this sense it is also a precognition of all the things that would pass between them not only by SB-I's end, but SB-II as well - and the promise of this and more beyond that time for the rest of their lives (i.e. in marriage).

Though I am under the opinion that "having a child" is the only thing they've (she's) not experienced even once by the start of SBII. I believe that EDHQ for some reason did not allow them to marry upon their return. This, coupled with their impending separation; would be enough to take, in their sorrow and frustration, what they could of the future, denied them to remember during their separation. Their intimacy is far more mature, too mature perhaps for them not to have 'made love'. It would be only another beautiful revelation and completeness in their relationship; during that in-between time of engagement between courtship and marriage.

Overall, I think I've captured the general feel of a woman's feelings toward love and the future with the one she loves.



The Captain of Her Heart

ARTICLE

HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN JAPANESE ANIMATION PROGRAM (the cheap way)

-by Randy Dethrow

O.K. all you E.D.C.-ites, you love Japanese cartoons, right? Well, here's your chance to make your own Japanese Animation show!

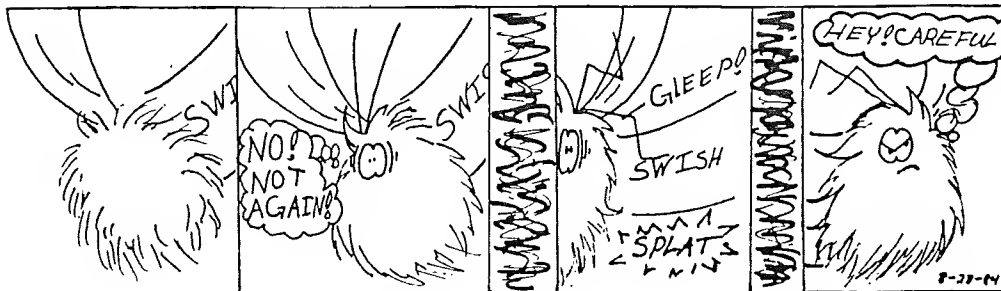
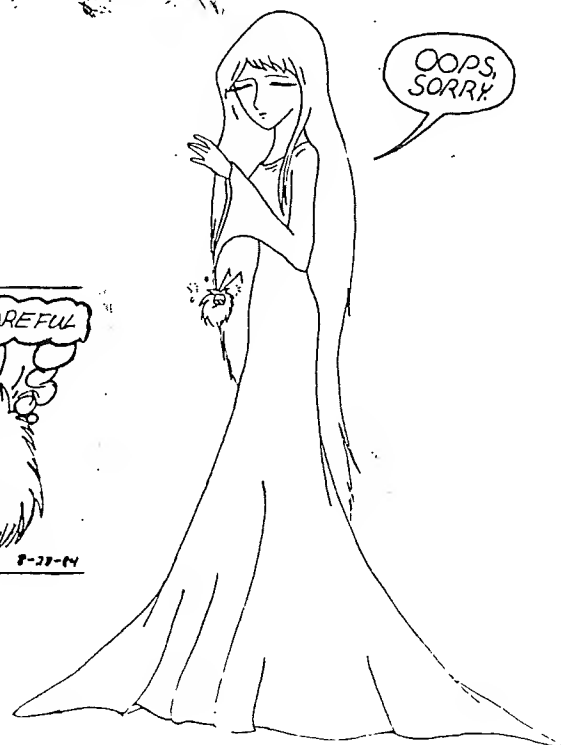
First of all, you need to know the ingredients involved in making a Japanese cartoon. Now, any idiot knows you need a lotta paint and a lotta transparencies and a movie camera. Now, once you've gotten your art skills and patience up, get ready to learn the rules of this genre:

Ingredients in Japanese cartoons:

- 1a. One or two girls that have hair that real-life women would trip over or would be caught in the spokes of the back wheels of motorcycles.
- b. Women that are 22 when they appear about 9 years old.
- c. Women who should be riding Harleys and listening to old Iron Butterfly tunes like In-a-gadda-da-vida because of their nasty and/or tough disposition. (ex. Kei, Millia, Rio)
2. Vehicles that could never physically, mechanically, or sanely ever really work.
3. A smattering of good guys and a few henchmen.
4. One or more bad guys with an army of about 16 million alien henchmen who still get flattened by a smattering of good guys.
5. Some weird lookin' creature.
6. Lots of orange, blue, purple, green and pink hair.
7. Lotsa spaceships and a lotta missiles. And I mean A LOTTA MISSILES.
8. Tasteful sex between good guys that leaves a little too much to the imagination. (optional)
9. A lot of distasteful violence.
10. A couple of robots with bad senses of humor.
11. Some background music by an unnamed singer.
12. A singer who is a character in the program.
13. A few cute, snotty, dangerous little kids.
14. A couple hundred gallons of blood (red ink)
15. Some idiotic slapstick humor
16. A few decipherable English words (these can set the mood of your whole scene, choose carefully)
17. Uniforms no real person would actually wear in public.
18. Cheap cartoon advertising. (a "Bud" can here or there, a cigarette pack, a woman wearing cheap labelled Fredericks of Hollywood see-thru lingerie, etc.)
19. Laser guns, machine guns, etc.

Now you have your basic ingredients and now you can start looking over the rules of Japanese. These rules are to be followed or else people will think you're just another Japanese 'poser' like Transformers or Galaxy Rangers.

1. All characters' eyes must be half the size of their heads.
2. There must be at least one shower scene or some other bad excuse for female nudity.
3. In battles, at least one person's eyeballs must fly out of his head.
4. The voice and lip sync must be terrible.
5. Bad guys must outnumber good guys 2,000 to one, but still get their butts kicked because THEY don't have transforming spaceships.
6. A good guy's ship must regenerate metal at a rate of 30 square feet per second. (this includes spare parts manufacturing time.)
7. All creatures must look completely, geometrically, symmetrically wrong, and/or Cthuloid.
8. The plots and stories must always be completely baffling and undecipherable, with lots of sub-plots and long sincere dialogue about absolutely f***ing nothing.
9. Remember, all blondes with hair to their ankles must die.





STORY

BETWEEN GALAXIES - Pt. 6 - by Logan Darklighter

"Thanks for the Memories"

-or-

"Who's Been Sleeping In My Head"

All Mekis and Lyra could do was stare at one another while Dev/Tahoji stretched in his chair.

"Any more bright ideas?" asked Mekis sarcastically.

Lyra flashed a look that could have melted the core of Gamilon. Mekis turned quiet. Very quiet. Thoughts flashed at light speed through her mind. How are we going to get out of this?

Dev/Tahoji looked from Lyra to Mekis and back again absolutely bewildered. He cleared his throat, leaned forward, stretching out a hand to ask something when he noticed the color of his hand. Lyra saw the motion and reacted quickly. For the second time in as many minutes, the Black Tiger pilot saw stars.

"OW!! Ouch! Ow! Ow,ow,ow..." Lyra said, grabbing her wrist and flopping her hand about. "What the futz happened to him?"

Mekis cradled his chin with his hand in a thoughtful pose, "It's obvious the security scramble had an effect on the transfer in some way. I wonder...could there have been some kind of personality overlay? I mean, you were going for just giving him a working knowledge of our language, correct? But what if that glitch caused your limited transfer program to go to full memory dump? What would happen?"

"I do not know, Mekis. This whole memory transfer thing was still an experimental program up until a few months ago. Our pilots have their minds completely emptied except for their pilot/combat training and other related things. They are also conditioned to reaccept their own personalities. It was considered unethical to put a deceased pilot's personality into another's body. What would be the point? Somebody would still be dead and you do not want to drive anyone mad! I do not even want to think about what might happen if we put somebody else's full memories into Dev's head!" she sat down heavily, "This is becoming too damn complicated..."

Mekis checked a chronometer on the wall, "I'd say we have pressed our luck too far as it is, even if Commander Volgar's ceremonies go full blast, they must get people back on duty soon! We'd better leave here, we're due for debriefing, you know, and I certainly would like to avoid having to explain him if anyone comes along."

"You're right, of course, I have private quarters on base. We can leave him there under the sleep-inducer until we are through with debriefing. Then we can figure out what to do from there. I already have a couple of possibilities in mind."

"I'm oh, so glad to know you have things under ...whooOFFFF...", he said as he set Dev on the guerney, "...control."

They left Dev in Lyra's quarters under a low dosage trickle of current from the sleep-inducer while they changed back to their proper uniforms and went to debriefing. Officers' quarters, especially females', were considered to be private territory. Dev was safe, therefore, from anything except a superior officer's countermand to open the door.

Safe, that is, except from his own mind.

* * * *

The BG-109 was a trim, sleek craft. Her fuselage, bulbous up front at the nose, tapered toward the rear to a point, above which rose a T-tail. Her wingspan was nearly sixty feet from wingtip to wingtip and she

rode the wind they way the ancient, extinct condors had, catching the occasional opportune updraft and circling up as far as it would take her before gliding to the next.

Dev stooped the sailplane on her wingtip and banked sharply back into the updraft he had just found a moment before. He looked down along the long, slender wing toward the scorched ground 2,000 meters down. The wingtip was quivering up and down slightly from the windstress of the burn almost as if the BG were trying to help things along by attempting to flap its wings.

Dev continued to circle and climb up the invisible funnel of the updraft, the warm air rising and carrying the sailplane up with it like a leaf in a dust-devil. Nothing about the plane was designed to avoid radar and she would have stuck out like a sore thumb on the EDC scopes - if she had been made out of metal. The BG-109 was literally the last of its kind, a wood and fabric anachronism. The plant where they had been made had been reduced, along with a fair-sized section of the San Fernando valley, to a patch of radioactive rubble. Dev's grandfather had given the BG kit to him for his 10th birthday. Dev had expressed an interest in flying since he had been a child and in a few years would be going to the Earth Defense Academy to help fight in the war, more than probably as a pilot. Grandfather had said that he wanted Dev to learn how to fly. How to really fly. The way he had learned it; from the ground up, so to speak, nuts and bolts and learn to fly, learn it from the plane as you create it. No fancy electronic gear if you please, and no engine either. If you can fly without any help from any of that, he had told him, then you're ready to fly with it later on. Besides, the way things were going, there might not be the chance to do this in a few years, and he wanted Dev to have this experience.

Dev and the BG continued their climb. The glider was getting close to the base of a cloud created by the updraft. He looked away to the east, towards the mountains that rose up out of the desert just beyond Alamogordo, in what used to be known as New Mexico. The planet bombs had, amazingly enough, spared this area so far and Lincoln National Forest was still green for the most part. Although the bombings hit almost every continent in a seemingly random fashion at first, a pattern had become discernable in time. It seemed that the more obviously industrialized 'hub' centers or densely populated areas were bombed first, along with many targets that seemed truly random. Ground zero could just as easily be in the middle of the ocean as in a city. Chicago was one of the first cities to be bombed (although the entire area south of the Great Lakes and north of the Ohio River could be considered an urban area) along with the Leningrad protectorate and a bomb that fell about 200 miles south of Hawaii that caused waves that reached the coastlines of nearly all the Pacific north of the equator.

There wasn't much to be done about the planet bombs, they came in with such velocity that they were hard to track. And they came in waves, so that any attempt to destroy them couldn't possibly get them all, especially since they seemed to be incased in planetoid shells.

A planet bomb had hit near the old White Sands proving grounds when Dev was six, turning the sands to glass. The mountains around Ruidoso, where Dev's family lived, shielded them from the blast and radiation effects, but he would never forget the nightmare mushroom cloud that rose above the horizon that night.

But today was different, today he could finally solo in the sailplane he himself had made. For his 14th birthday at that! He had been taking lessons with a friend of the family for about six months now,

and he had been working on the plane, off and on, for about two years. Dev had timed the completion of the sailplane and his first solo to coincide closely. Hey, didn't he deserve to solo in his own creation? Nobody could think of a good enough argument against it. So up he went. Who cared if the EDC was barring all flights except defense? They'd never pick up a wooden plane on radar, would they? And besides, who would think to look? All electronic eyes were trained for space, a lot higher than he planned on going...today, that is.

Hey Dev, aren't you getting a little close to that cloud base?" the radio squawked.

He picked up the mike, "Hey dad, I didn't know you could still see me!"

"You aren't that high up, aon. I do want to keep an eye on you though, so stay away from that cloud, you hear? There could be more than water vapor in it and I don't want you with radiation sickness."

Dev looked up nervously, he'd had radiation sickness once, a mild case, and had no desire to repeat the experience. He leveled the plane out and exited the updraft.

"Dad, this sailplane flies like a dream!" he said as he did a loop.

"You built it."

"Yeah, I hope I do as well at the Academy. I hear they have a couple of space fighter prototypes they're working on. I want to be the first in my class to fly one!"

"You won't be the only one flying on that first flight, what about your crew? Those system defense boats take about 10 crew..."

"No, no, dad, fighters, one man ships like granddad flew for air defense, only these are for space combat. One's called the Black Tiger, and the other one is called...er...a type 52. I hear they're calling it a Zero."

"Well, I'm sure that you'll-BZZITRRSSSHHHSSHHH..."

"Dad?"

"SSSSSHHHSSSS...ere's something going-SSSS-mission-SSSS-boost your SSSS-nal."

Boost the signal strength? But that could attract unwanted attention. Then again...*Oh, God, no. Don't let that be what I'm thinking it could be.** thought Dev.

What it could be was a planet bomb playing havoc with longband communications because of ionization at atmospheric entry. But if that were the case it would have to be awfully close. Something cold and heavy settled in Dev's stomach.

"Dev! Turn around due west and get the hell outta here!! Earth Defense Command just picked up a fireball on reentry, headed this way!" his father yelled over the radio, now boosted in strength. "Dive your glider to pick up speed and get out of here, it's your only chance!"

"NO! I won't leave you!", this couldn't be happening, it just couldn't! "I'll come back for you!" He was grasping for straws and he knew it.

"Get out of here, NOW, Dev, and tell your mother on Great Island that I love her."

Dev looked up. At about 45° above the horizon, to the northwest, there was an orange point of light, visibly moving, like a lost comet.

"Please Dev, do as I say, you're my only son, you can't die!"

There was a moment of silence, eons long, where Dev fought a personal battle.

"Alright, Dad," he turned the glider around, sobbing.

"Take care of your mother or me, son."

Dev put the sailplane into a dive toward the ground to pick up speed while angling away to the west. He had been more than a mile high when he started to dive. Three minutes later, he was four miles farther west and 900 feet off the ground and the airspeed had almost torn the wings off the glider when an orange light filled the sky for a moment, like an insane jack-o-lantern.



"DAD!!!"

"BBBZZTICRACKELZZZ- Goodbye so-SQUEEEEEEE...."

"NOOO!"

White light lit the canopy from behind and 30 seconds later Dev was riding out the shockfront with the glider almost like a surfer on the biggest wave in history...

...and was being congratulated for successful combat maneuvers in his simulator at the training center on Gamilon.

"That was well done, Tahoji, but remember to cover the flagship better next time. It was part of your responsibility and it took 20% more hits than if you had stayed closer to protect it."

"Thank you, Instructor Darsis, but I saw an opportunity to destroy two extra enemy destroyers and thus spare the fleet further fire."

"No, Tahoji. Discipline is the key to military success. You may have decreased the number of ships overall, but if the flagship had been destroyed, the nerve center of communications would've been gone. A serious tactical advantage would have been given to the enemy."

Tahoji was subjected, thankfully, to only two more minutes of lecture before Darsis moved on to address other members of his cadet squadron at their simulators in the large room. They had been simulating a fleet action with their squadron in a fighter group position. All in all, they had not done badly.

A friend of his, Bakken, caught up with Tahoji outside the training center near one of the large crystalline windows that looked out over the harsh beauty of Gamilon between the planetary crusts. The building they were in hung from the underside of the top layer so that they had a fantastic view of the Clean Sea, so named because it was the one large body of water untainted by the volcanoes' poisonous sulphur compounds. Sunlight poured through one of the monstrous gaps in the upper crust "ceiling" and lit up a large section of the waters so that they sparkled.

"Beautiful sight, is it not?" remarked Bakken.

"Yes, too bad it cannot last. Our planet is near the end of its life." Tahoji said sadly. Changing the subject he said, "I wish Darsis would not be so strict about military strategy, I really do not see how he can expect us to adhere to tested patterns perfectly. Every situation is different."

"I think what he means to do is to give us patterns we can modify."

"Tahoji turned around and leaned against the railing. "I don't know what good all this is going to do us. There are no military campaigns of any consequence happening right now."

"You don't consider the Terran campaign important?"

"Oh, come on, you do not really consider that a fight, do you? I will never get to see any action."

"Well, at least our race will have a new home in a few years." Bakken said, "I wonder what it will look like when we evacuate to it and use the Cosmo DNA. I hear it looks much like Iscandar, but with more land."

A sudden tremor halted their conversation. It was a mild one and subsided quickly. Tahoji and Bakken looked at one another.

"You know, Bakken, I hope we end that war soon. I certainly would not want to be on Gamilon when the end comes."

"Second Lieutenant Lyra and First Engineer Mekis reporting for debriefing, sir!" she saluted smartly.

"At ease," the debriefer was a Major Sidel, a man of average height and build with a short, impatient air about him.

"Alright then, tell me what happened please."

Lyra recalled the events leading up to the point at which their destroyer free warped. After that however, the account was, as Mekis euphemistically called it, edited. There was no mention of a certain Black Tiger pilot or of a fighter used for extra parts and components.

"...and so you mean to tell me that your navigator, Dakar, became psychotic and attempted to kill both of you?" Sidel commented.

"Yes. He had been unstable for some time. I wonder if the free warp affected his sanity in some way."

Mekis had to hand it to Lyra, she could really be devious when she wanted to be. It didn't hurt any that the log computer's memory had been wiped before they left the ship. And the Major seemed to be buying their story, so far, although he really had no reason to believe anything else at that point. He even admitted that warp psychoses were not unheard of.

"And so that is why you shot him. He was threatening to kill you?"

Lyra sighed under her breath. These proceedings could be so redundant.

"Yes, sir, that was the reason."

The proceedings continued for several ours but when they were through Lyra was convinced that they were out of trouble. The Major even hinted that there might possibly be a promotion for both of them due to their more-than-competent handling of the situation on their own and far from any basis.

As they got up to leave, Lyra said, "Excuse me,

sir, permission to speak freely?"

"Granted."

"Was there some sort of reception happening when we arrived?"

"Yes, there was."

"May I ask who, sir?"

The Major gave them a conspiratorial smile, "Well, you will not believe it, but it is General Lysis, and he is taking over the operation, or so I hear."

Both Mekis and Lyra nearly dropped their jaws in surprise.

"That is why I believe you might receive promotions. The General admires personal initiative. No go and consider yourselves on leave for the remainder of the day. Dismissed."

They left the room quickly and started back toward Lyra's room.

"Can you believe it, Mekis? General Lysis!"

"Yes, and if we are caught now, we are in deep trouble!"

But when they got back to Lyra's quarters, another surprise would await them, for Dev was not there!

Next:

"The Turning Point"

or

"There's a Method to My Madness"



INSTANT INSANITY - by 'Unknown'

Far off on a distant planet,
Where craters are many and so is granite,
There is a cruiser and those who man it,
Are called the E....D....C....

They're all-out crazy, absolutely insane,
They're flat looney and they'll raise Cain,
If you make fun of their great club name,
If you slur E....D....C....

It's not the stars that drove them crazy,
It wasn't because of their constant lazy,
It was the memory of a ship, their minds are hazy,
The story of Arrivederci.

Knox was blasted to cosmic dust,
Desslok spit "Gamilon or Bust"
And the Yamato was really destined to rust,
But Wildstar kamakazied.

Nova was shot in the gut by a nerd,
I-Q went from a flying turd,
And Sandor's go was really absurd,
Harrassanal Transaction.

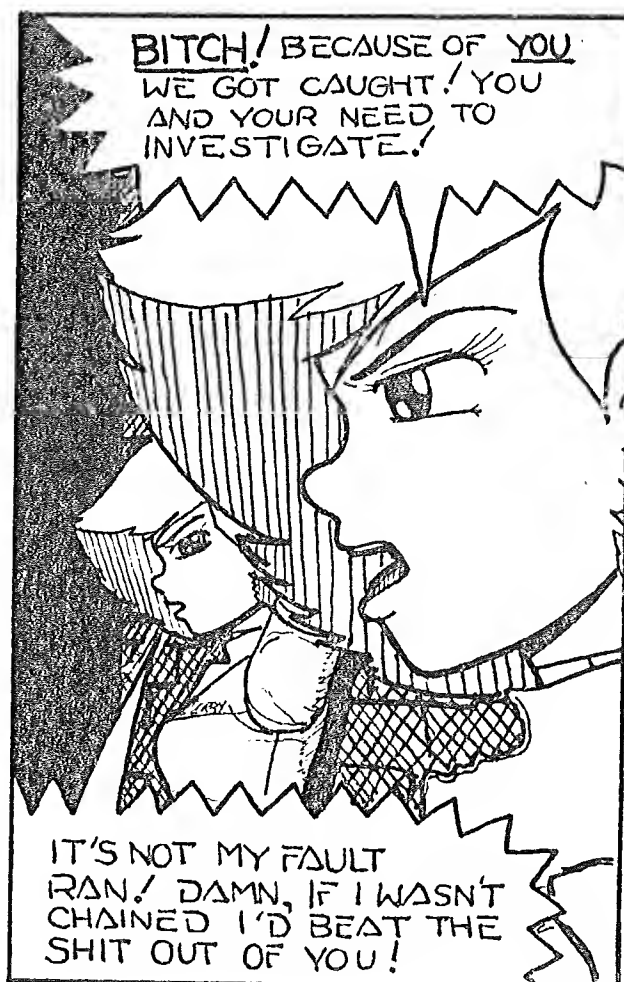
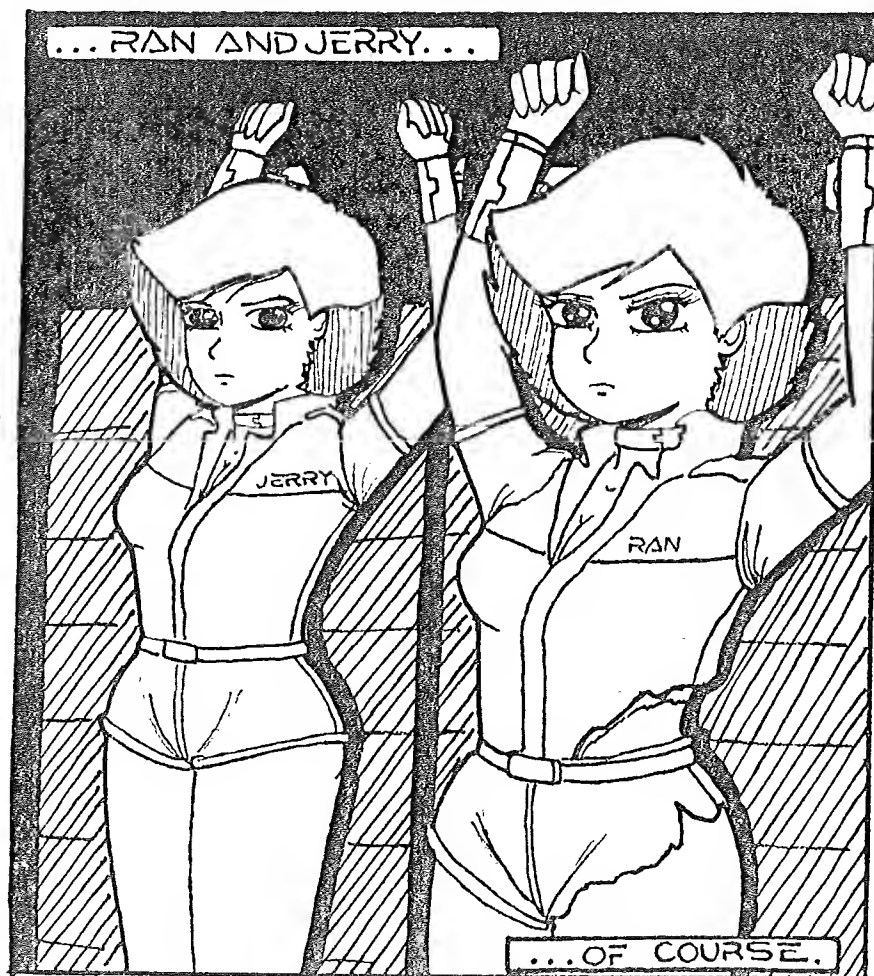
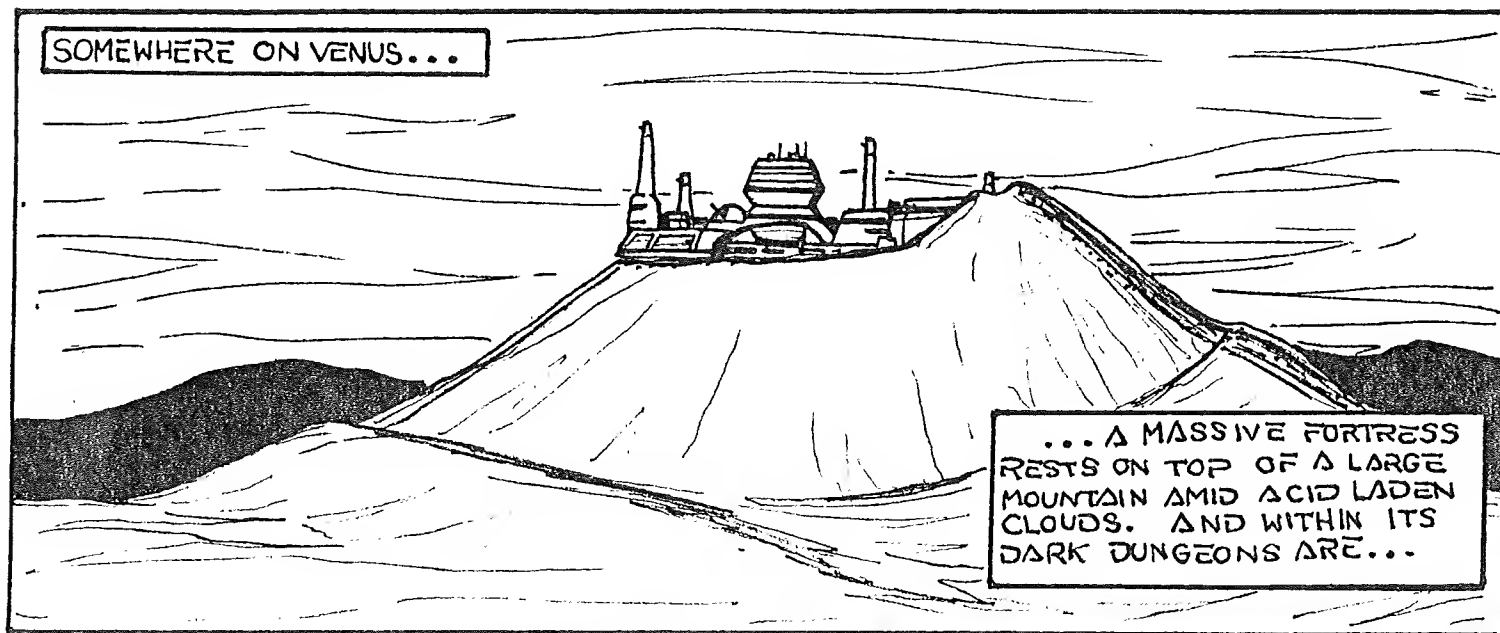
Conroy went with a grin on his face,
Hardy disappeared without a trace,
And Wildstar's go was a real disgrace,
It was all Teresa's fault.

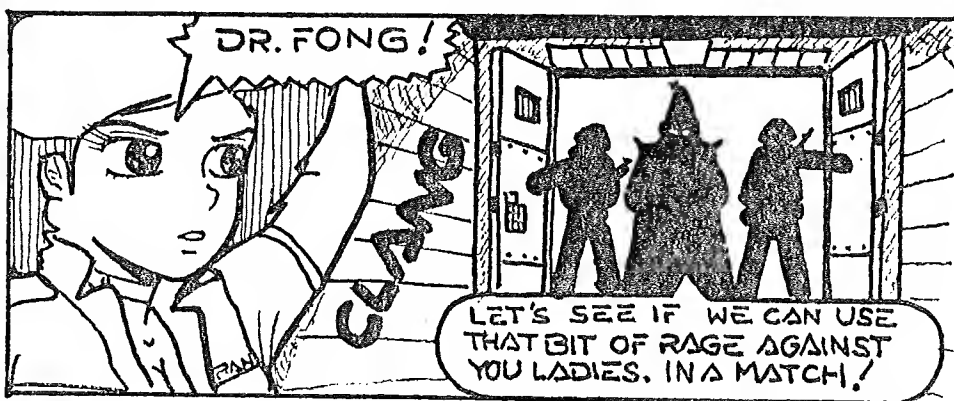
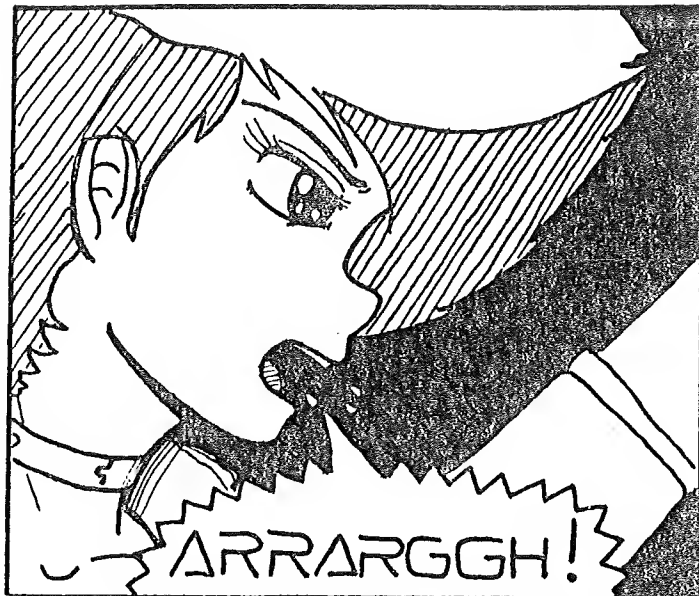
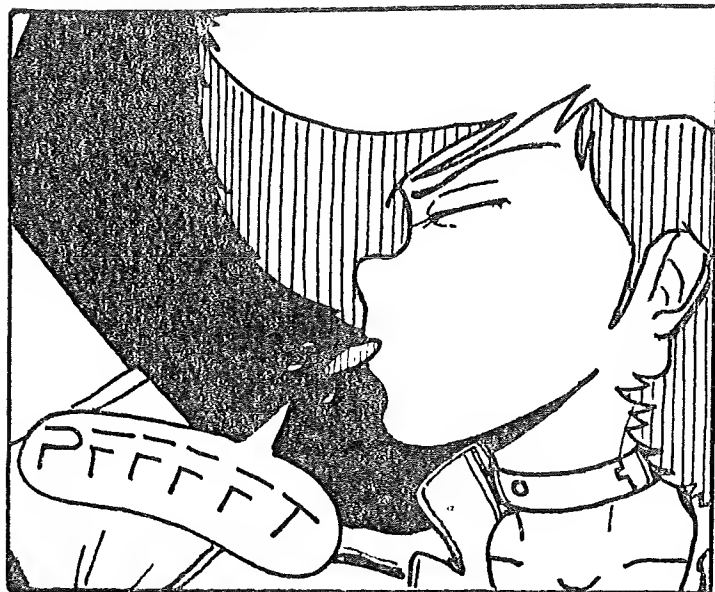
So the E.D.C. went frootie loop,
All because they saw the scoop,
Of Yamato going to the poop.
They call it Instant Insanity!!!

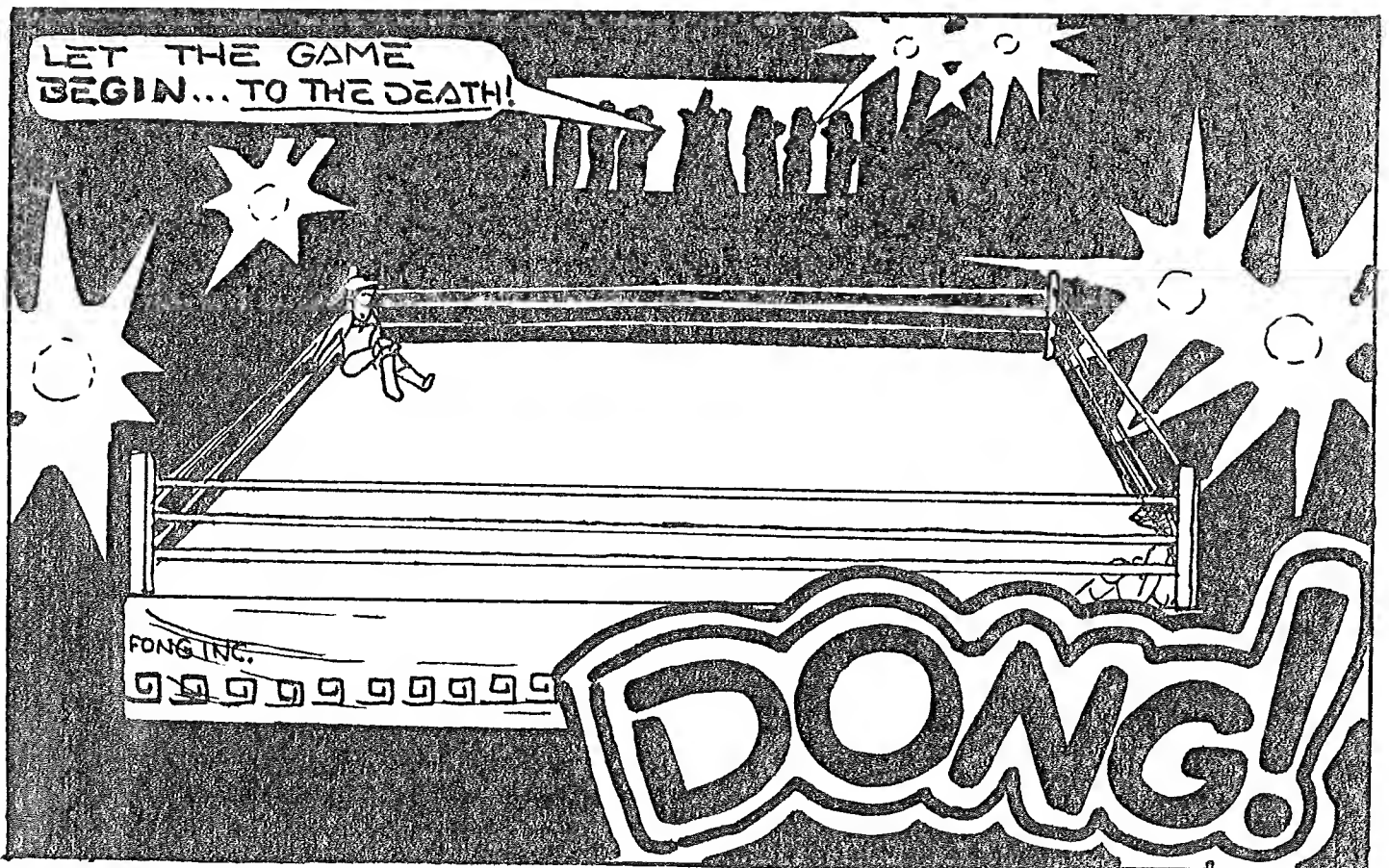
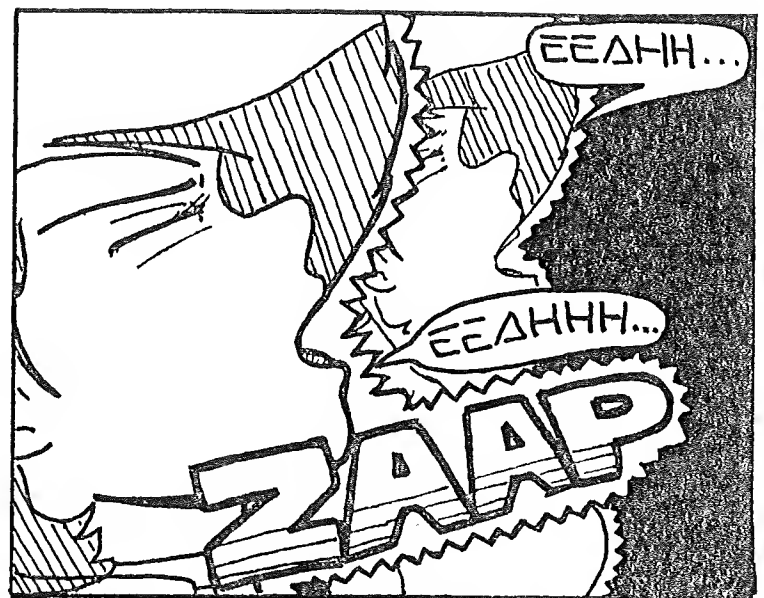
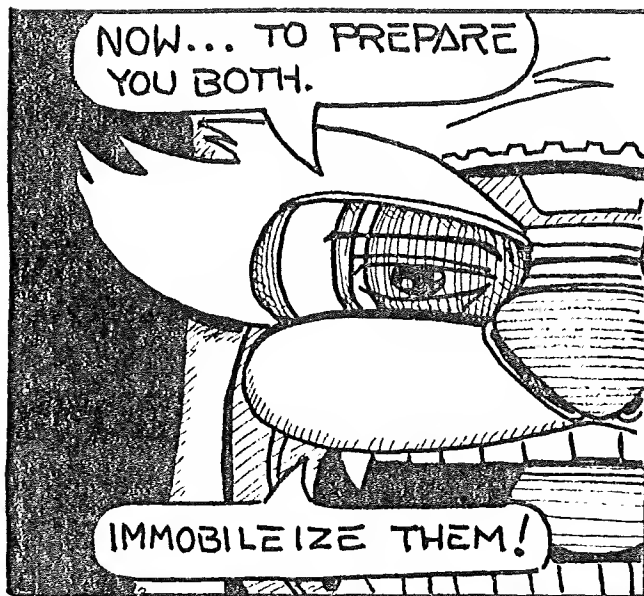
THE ELEGANTS^{No.2}

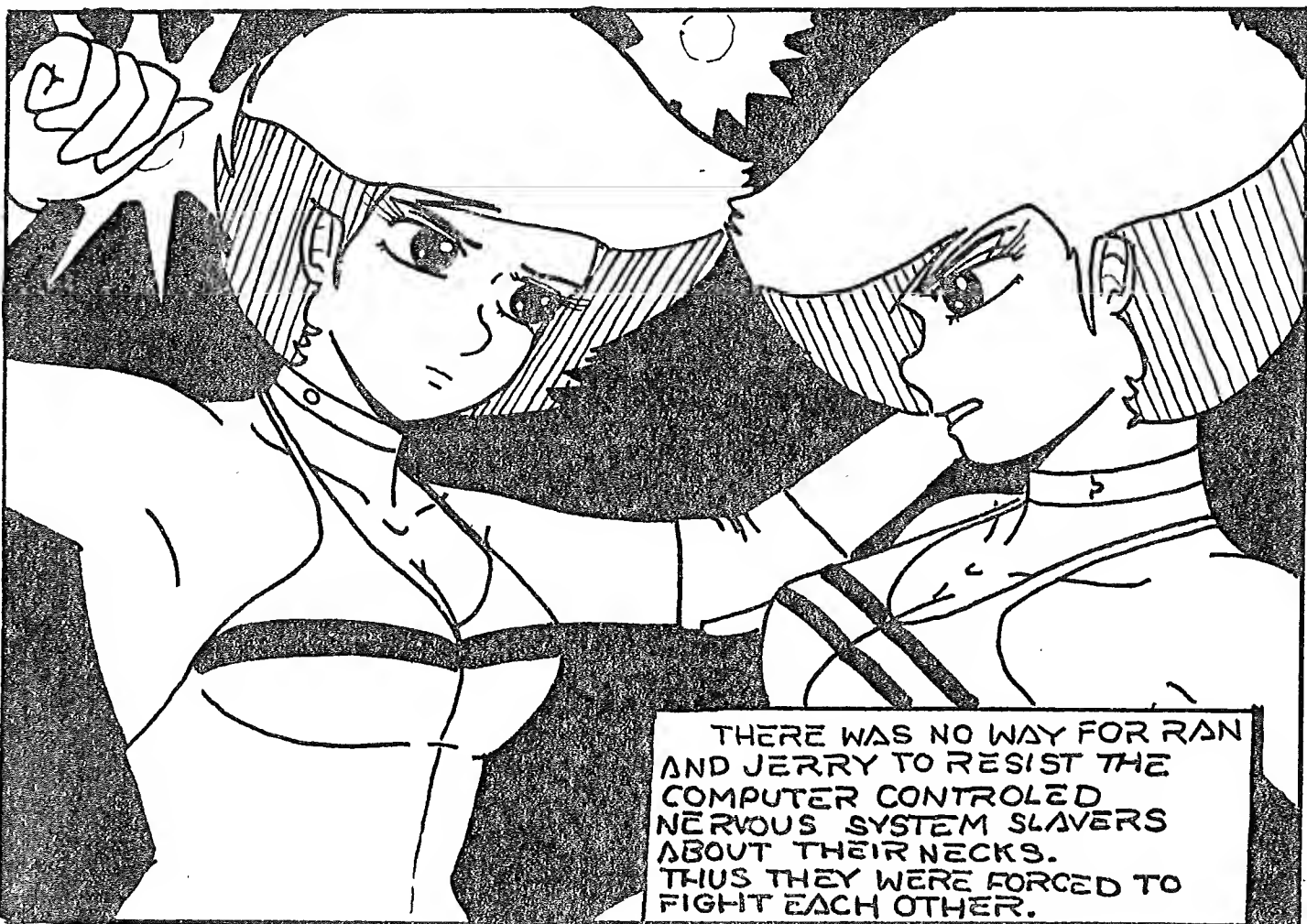
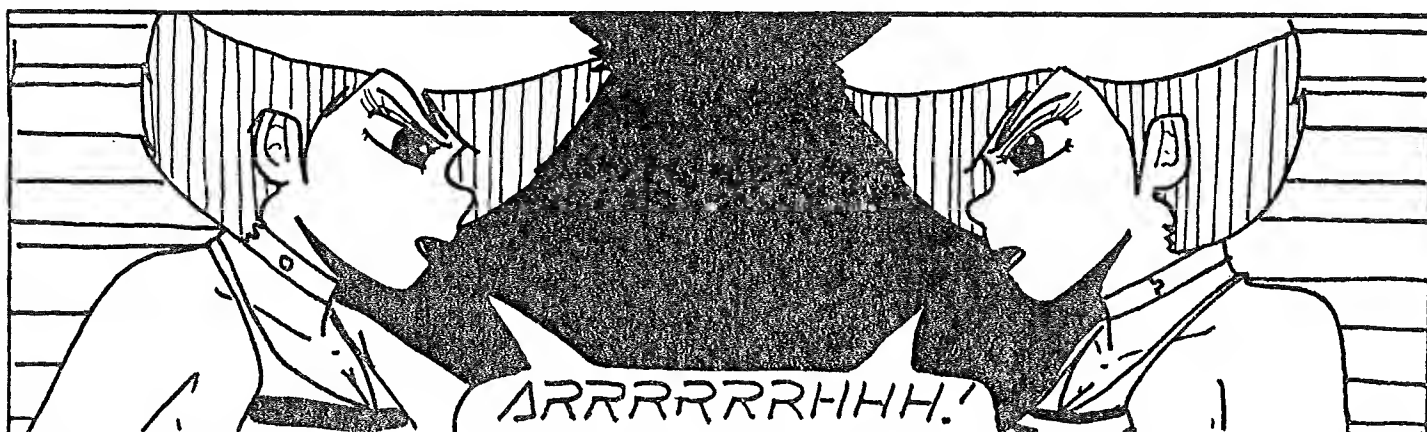
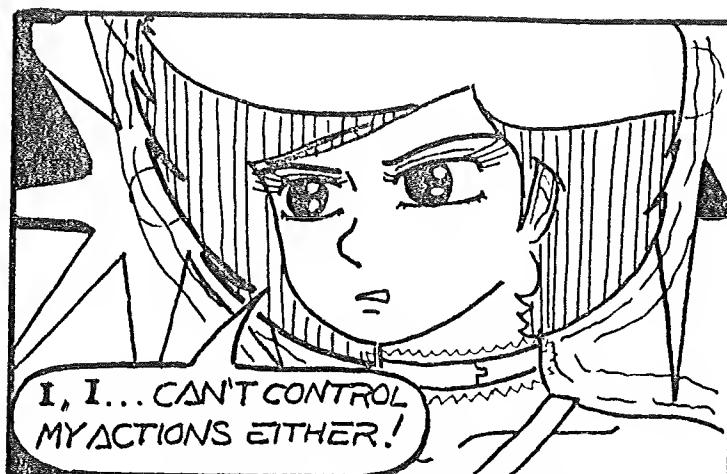
by: Lee W. Madison

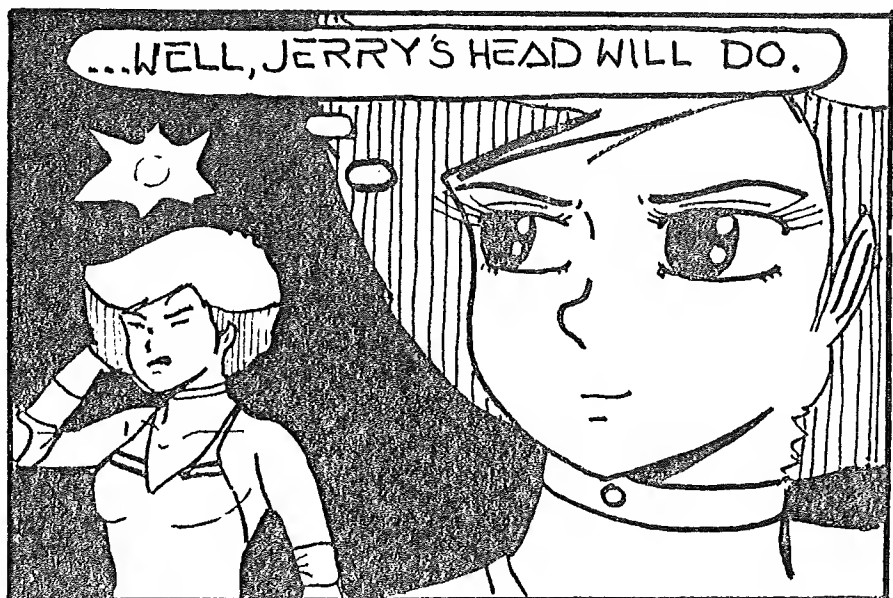
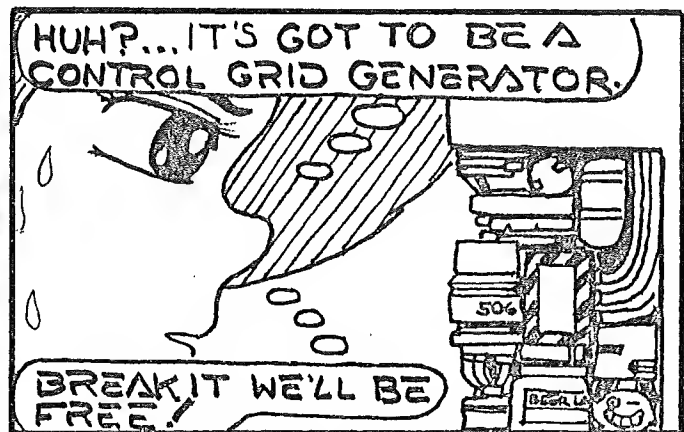
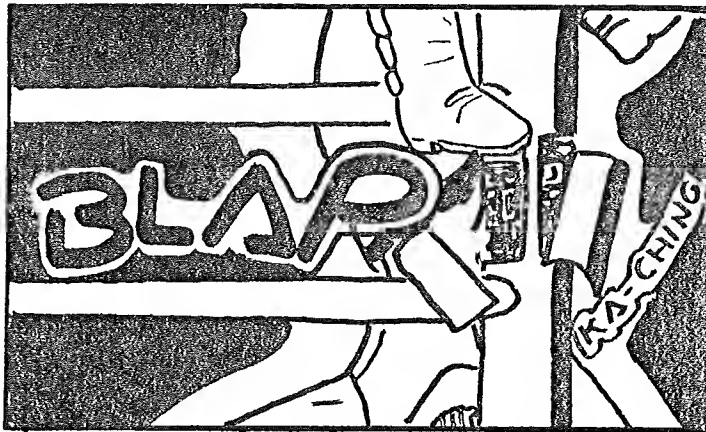
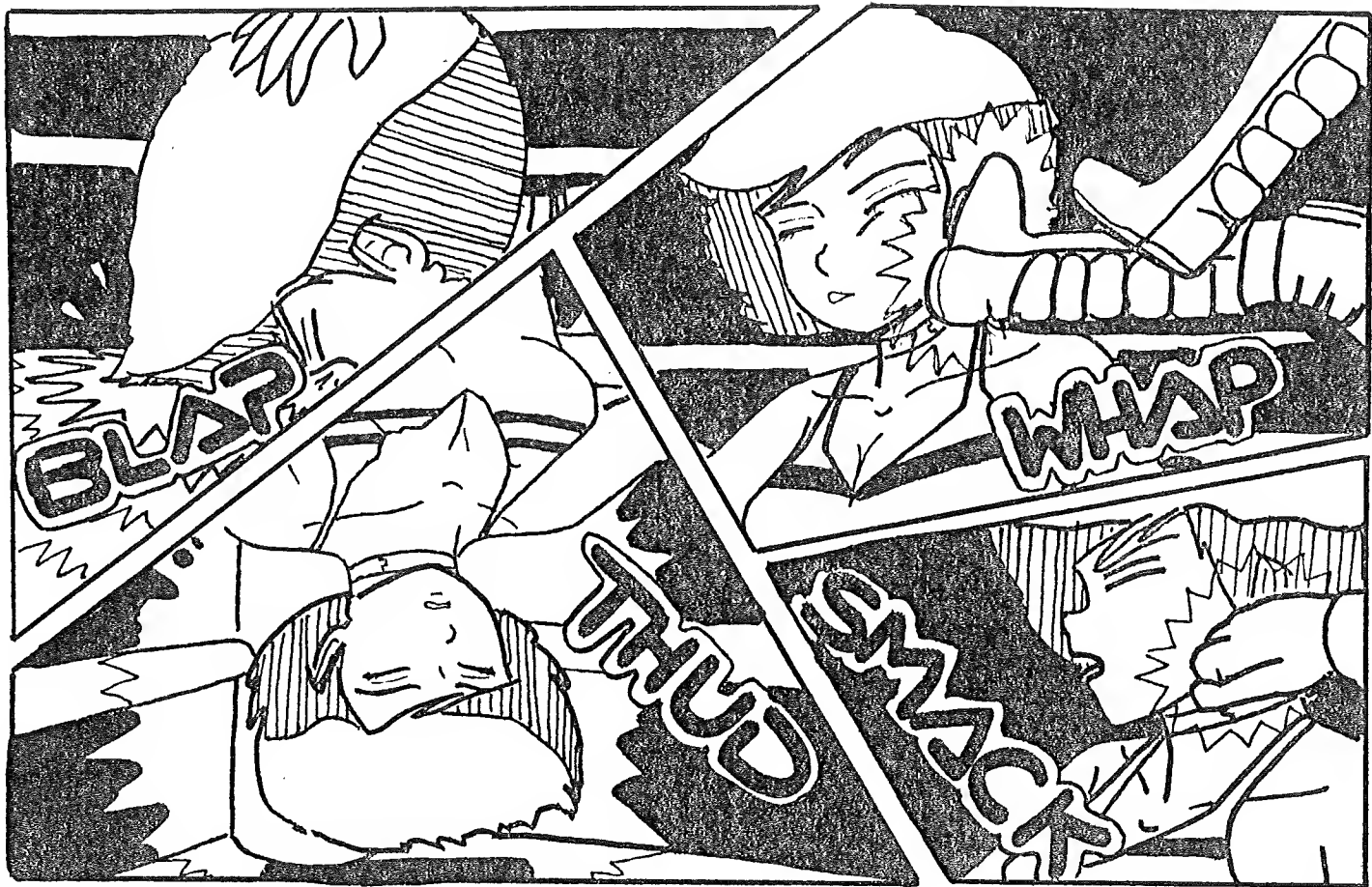
Adopted from Dirty Pair Episode #4

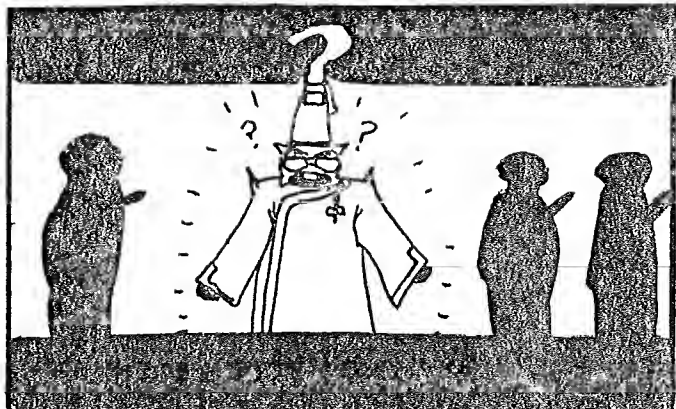
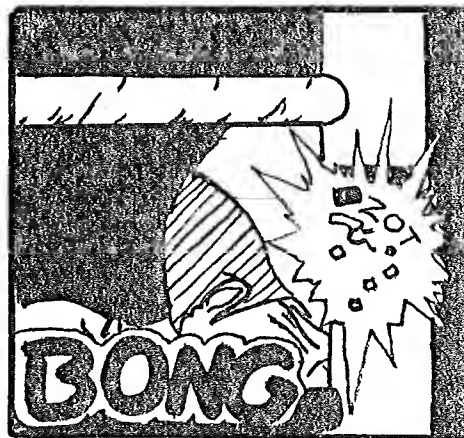
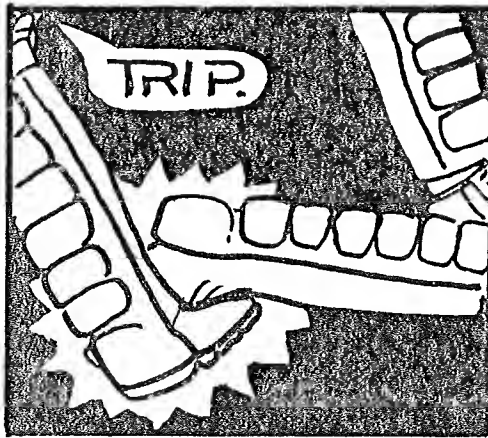
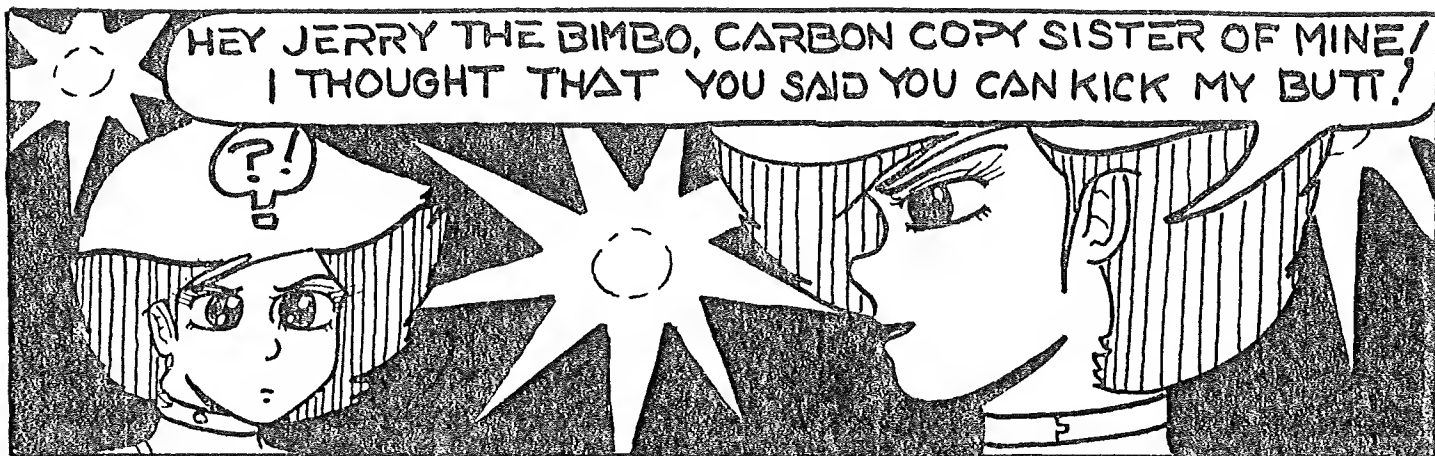


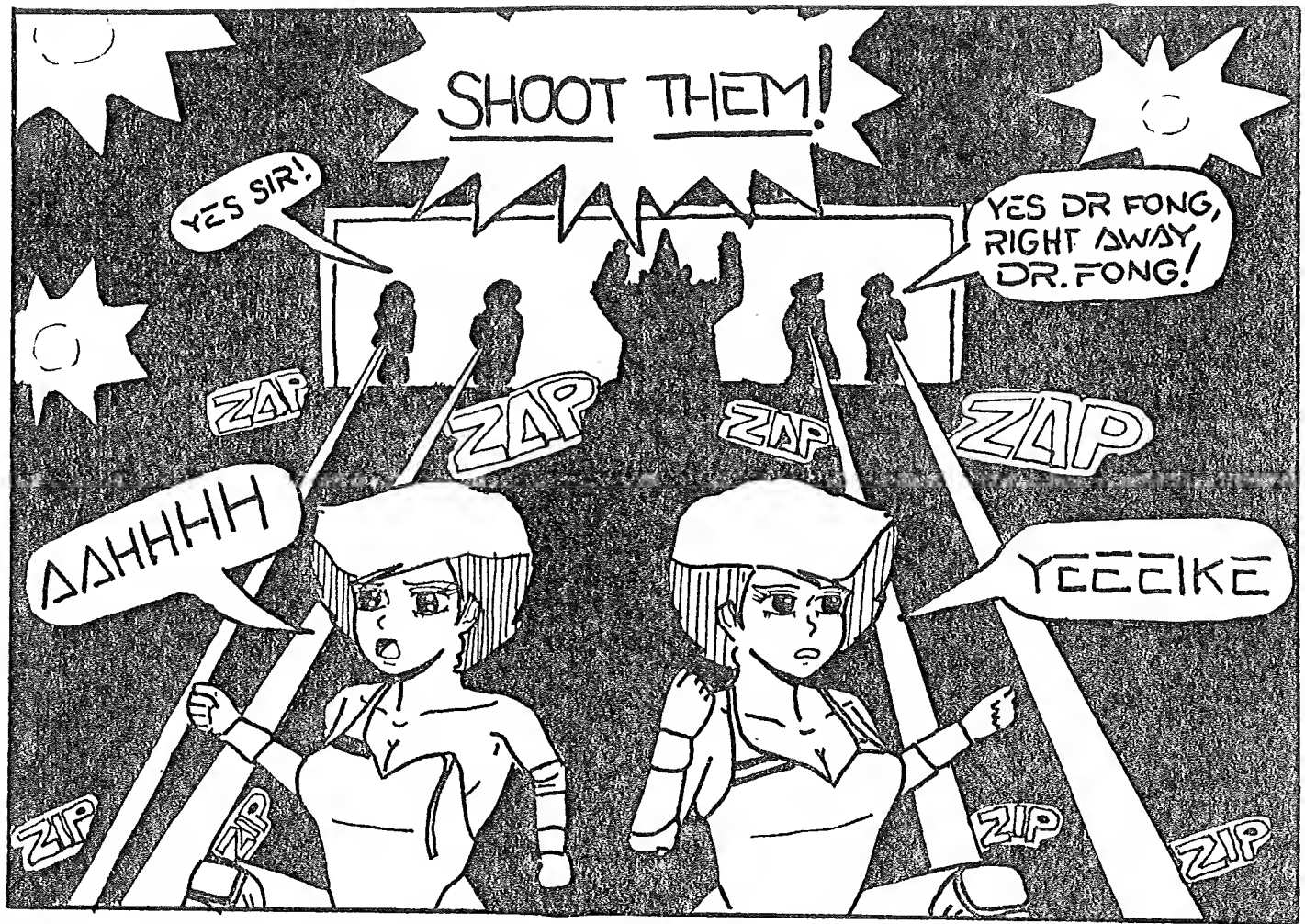












Well Manga fans, here is a nice cliffhanger to hold onto until next issue. But will these questions be answered:

- What is Dr. Fong's plot against Earth?
- Can Ran & Jerry stop him?
- Can they even get out of their current situation?
- Will Jerry get Ran back for that dirty trick in the ring?

Wait till next issue, which will look a lot better than this one (BECAUSE I'LL HAVE MORE TIME) and even more fun.

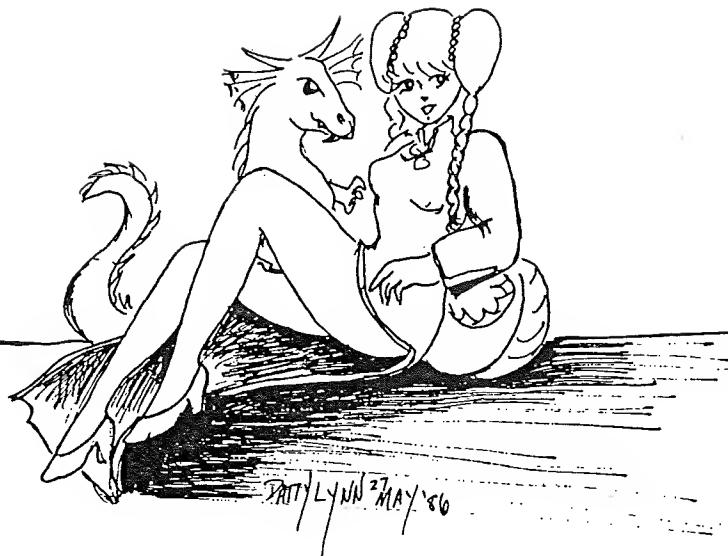
But I can't leave some questions hanging, so I'll answer one from The Elegants #1. Question number 6: Jerry forgot to.

In Elegants #3 there will be ships, power armor, firefights, and Nicki. And if Kelli and Staff permit, (and pressure from you the readers is applied), a cover page with either Ran or Jerry in lack lace apparel. Any comments or suggestions will be welcomed.

M.

ROBOTECH TRIVIA QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Zor's sending it there to prevent the Robotech Masters' control of Protoculture.
2. The Backstabber
3. Vance Hasselwood
4. The Terrible Trio
5. Zeltgeist
6. Battle City Megarodo (this was the originally intended name for the Macross. It eventually became Super Dimensional Space Fortress Macross)
7. "Reconstruction Blues"
8. The Robotech Masters
9. Tirol
10. Valkyrie
11. Bron, Rico and Konda
12. Zor's blowing up the Robotech Masters' fortress
13. The Wolfe Pack
14. New York
15. Children of the Shadow
16. Lisa Hayes
17. Megazone 23 (Pt. 1)
18. False - Macross, Southern Cross & Orguss are. (Super Dimensional Space Fortress Macross, Super Dimensional Space Cavalry Southern Cross Super Dimensional Century Orguss) Mospeada is an entirely stand-alone series, separate from these.
19. It was damaged in an Invid attack
20. Upstate New York



AN EDITORIALIZED OPINION - by a beleaguered & pummeled artist often traveling under the pseudonym of Lee Madiason

Growl, Bitch, Snarl, etc....It's gripe time, EDC Earthlets, and I have a gripe for you. Nova Needs More Submissions! Nova needs submissions and for them to be in on time - by deadline. So this is my plea, demand, THREAT, whatever! Send Nova STUFF! Flood the Nova staff with good stuff, art and written work.

Another problem is pencilled artwork. There is a lot of great artwork but...IT'S IN PENCIL AND WON'T PHOTOCOPY WORTH SH#*!!

So please, send in artwork in pen (black and white). As an artist I know it might be a hard transition for some to change their media, but for it to get printed and printed well, it needs to be in pen & ink. Heck, it took nearly two years for the Nova Staff to break me of coloring my work before they got a black & white copy.

But our main problem with submissions is: too little, too late. Send in stories, articles and such ON TIME (Logan D. take heed!).

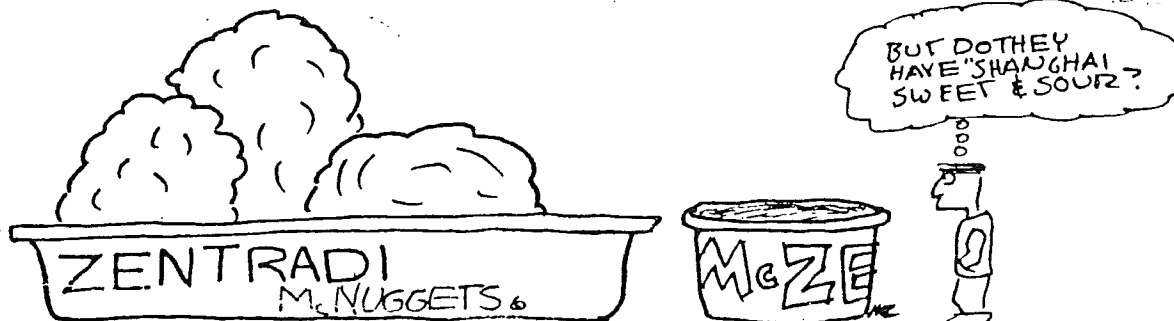
Let's see some new kinds of art (but don't abandon old subjects), sorry, but there are only so many posi-

tions one can put Yuki, Kodai, Lisa Hayse, or some of the other common characters in, before it all starts looking the same. Let's see Lisa Hayse in action, spandex, a bikini, or leather; let's see some new ideas based on old ones. In other words, let's add a little spice, a little flavor, a little fire to this zine, Earthlets! More kickass mecha, hot girls (I mean, Kim of Macross with a laser bazooka, for example), and stories that really rock & roll. Good Kuso.

There is also more than Yamato, Macross and Mospeada out there in Japanimeland. Let's add a little more of Iczer, Urusei Yatsura, the Gundam epics, Project A-Ko, Orguss, Dragonar, L-Gaim, Gall Force, Panzer World Galient, Bubblegum Crisis and the other anime hoards out there. Even a Future War 198X piece would be a break for once.

It would be nice to even see a little non-Japanime anime like G.I. Joe, Galaxy Rangers, Bionic Six, and other good anime art in Nova. Then, there is a lot of good original Japanime style/related art out there (you know who you are.). Nova would like to see it.

Nova gets in good work, but let's see more of it, EDC Earthlets. Nova 11 and Novae to come will be your chance to show your support. Your Nova is what you submit to it.



ART CREDITS

COVER: Ben Dunn
 INSIDE BACK COVER: Julie Tharp (re-ink - Logan Darklighter)
 BACK COVER: "Daicroaa" - Lee Madiaon

Page

1. Logo - Lee Madison
2. "Sakura" - Lee Madison
3. Queen Millennia - Logan Darklighter
4. Desslok - Jennifer Pannell and/or Tasha Seren
5. Rick Hunter - Brad Lucido
5. Roy Fokker - Logan Darklighter
6. Characters - Queen Millennia Roman Album @1987
by Tokuma Shoten
7. Characters - " " " " "
9. Queen Millennia & Unicorn - Karen/Yuki
9. Iczer-1 - Logan Darklighter
10. "Teacher of My Heart" - Guy Brownlee
- 11-14 "Jet Jaguar" Manga - David Merrill
16. Kimaura & Coamo Tiger - Pat Munson-Siter
17. Kathyrn Kimaura - Pat Munson-Siter
17. Starsha - Karen/Yuki
18. "Debby Karri" - Lee Madison
18. Athena Henderson - Unknown - initials TRT
18. Excelsor fighter - Brad Lucido
18. Cassette label example-Project A'Ko - Lee Madison
18. Nova & Wildstar - Bud Cox

Page

20. "A Real Dirty Pair" - Lee Madison
- Centerfold - Lee Madison
21. "Nagisa Does Ripley" - Lee Madison
22. Macross - Justin Cregar
23. Story illustration - Kenneth Mayes
25. Space Cobra comic - Tom Brevoort
25. Emeraldus & Maya - Karen/Yuki
25. Rick Hunter - Richard Roncal
25. Cassette label example-Area 88 - Lee Madison
25. Nausicaä - Vanessa Okita
27. Voltron - Todadler
28. "The Captain of Her Heart" - Julie Tharp
29. Queen Millennia - Karen/Yuki
29. Tribble & Trelaina - Jennifer Pannell
30. Inspector Gadget - Guy Brownlee
32. Dev - Logan Darklighter
33. Lyra - Logan Darklighter
- 34-40 "The Elegants" Manga - Lee Madison
41. Minmay & Dragon - Lynn Hayes
41. Zentraedi McNuggets - Matthew Legare

NOTE: The artpieces in Nova #9 listed as "UNKNOWN", were actually done by a member named Lon Corbet of Denton, TX. We sincerely apologize for this oversight, but we had no way of knowing, other than a small LLC in one corner, of who did this artwork. Again, sorry for this, and we will attempt to keep it from happening in the future.

EXT ISSUE NEXT ISSUE NEXT ISSUE NEXT ISSUE NEXT ISSUE NEXT
 NO OVERALL THEME THIS TIME! WE'LL TAKE JUST ABOUT ANYTHING! WE'LL PRINT IT!

FRIENDS..., Roaming Writers, Conventional Artists (even unconventional - we love those)

Lend us your STUFF!!

Next Ish will include: Pt. 3 - "The Untold Story" (right, Ken?)
 "The Elegants" (We'll pummell Lee some more!)
 The next installment of "Lions & Dreams" (We already got it! 1,000 thank-you's)
 "Between Galaxies", Chapter 7 (or you're dead, Logan!)
 More "Jet Jaguar" (so are you, Dave!)
 Pt. 2 - "Foretidings" (Fer Sure! We got that one, too, Muchas Gracias!)
 Numerous other articles, poems, stories, etc. (we have faith - you WILL give us
 numerous articles, poems, etc., right?)

Calling all Writers, Artists, Speculators, Tech Wizards. We need you!

DEADLINE FOR NOVA 11: NOVEMBER 1, 1987

We really mean it. November. No kidding. You read it right. Y'know when we're talking about, comes before that month with Christmas, and after the month with all the spooky, gnarly stuff. Say it. Sound it out - NO-YEM-BER. Good. We knew you could. Now what day? First. One. Numero Uno. Singular present participle. Initial figure in the U.S. numerical system. One half of a computer binary language. 1, dad-gum it! NOVEMBER 1!

"And the season of the month shall be winter and the month of it, November, and the number of the day shall be one. Thou shalt not send thy materials in on November 2, for November 2 is not the holy day. One, being the holy number, shall be the final day for material acceptance; and the number of that day shall be 1."

If it ain't here by NOVEMBER 1, Nova goes as is. Even if it's a half article! Or half inked!

Get the picture? Do you think we're trying to make a point?

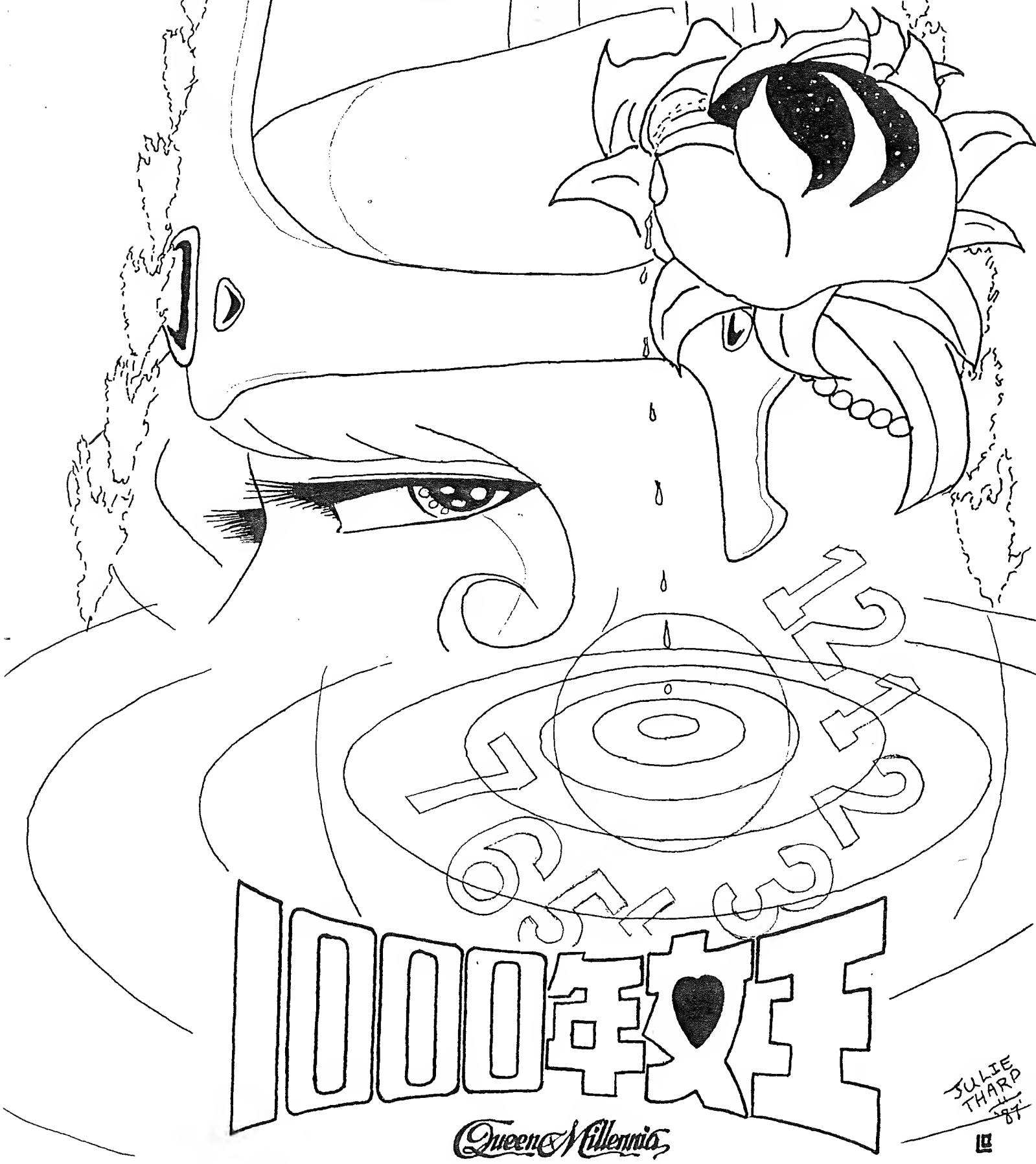
Just please send your stuff in by November 1, okay guys?

Oh, and one more thing, for a change of pace.....

Nova 11's deadline is NOVEMBER 1!

god...I hate to beg.....

NOVA 10



1000年女王

Queen Millennia

JULIE
THARP
'84



